

August 25, 1928



WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner

ected "Find"

draws with whom they had discussed safe-breaking last week. He is sober, clean, and sparkling.

"What'll yer have, Len?"

"No, thank you all the same, mares, but I am finished with all that. I got converted at The Salvation Army last Saturday night. I've never had such days as these for all my life. I can't do your job, but I've kept my appointment to tell you so."

"You're afraid, then?"

"Yes. I am, but not in the way you think, old man. I'm afraid now to grieve God, who has loved me so long, and while I've been a real rotter, too."

"Right-o" says the other man, perceptibly relieved; "I suppose it's a good job that our little business is off. Anyhow, we are glad you let us know. Good luck to you, old chap!"

"And good luck to you both, boys. You can't do better than do what I have done. Go to the nearest Army Hall and ask about it. It's wonderful what a change God can make in a fellow." (Exit.)

Five months have passed. Andrews has developed in every way and is now a fully-uniformed Salvationist in Wimbleton Corps. His wife and sons proudly accompany him to and from the meetings, and his mother, as she watches him from the Hall, says, "O God, I thank You for saving my son before he went too far!" She sees that, but for the goodness of God, he might have found his way to a felon's cell, or a worse fate.

A fool is most a fool because he knows not he is a fool.

We owe cheerfulness to those around us. We have no more hell to slap them with a glum look than with our hand.

Failures can be traced to detail causes, and without exception most bankruptcy precedes the financial smash.

IMMIGRATION & COLONIZATION
DEPARTMENT

Assisted Passages for Families from
Great Britain

To bring about the early re-
union of families from the Old
Country, we offer very liberal
terms.

Write for particulars—
THE RESIDENT SECRETARY
1226 University St., Montreal, P.Q.
The Secretary,
1140 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.
808 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.
305 Ontario St., Hamilton, Ont.
114 Beckwith St., Smiths Falls,
Ont.

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER.

GENERAL, BRAMWELL BOOTH

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF
THE SALVATION ARMY

AND NEWFOUNDLAND

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
JAMES AND ALBERT STS.
TORONTO.

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

No. 2289. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1928

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner

A HEART IN EVERY THOUGHT RENEWED AND FULL OF LOVE DIVINE

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT

LOVE JOY PEACE

LONGSUFFERING

GENTLENESS GOODNESS

FAITH MEEKNESS

TEMPERANCE

A PURE HEART IS POSSIBLE FOR EVERYONE

(See articles on pages 3 and 9)

GOLD DUST

Swept up by Colonel Adby
As unwholesome air corrupts the sweetest meat, so unsavory words the purest minds.

Associating with Godly friends sets memory and heart as vessels to catch honey from their lips.

Deal with Christian visitors as with lent hooks—get good from them whilst with you.

As by conversing with natives a language is learned, so by associating with saints we are helped to speak to God in Heaven's language.

Never start a subject in conversation which will not bring profit to yourself or your hearers.

As the farmer hushes his crops

"YOU KNOW WHAT A JOB IT IS"

Give a Testimony and the Crowds will Listen

A TYPICAL Salvation Army Open-air meeting was in progress at a street corner in a central position. All the well-known elements were present. The shy crowd on the opposite pavement—the holder crowd around the ring—the children—the jovial drunkard—the chin-slipped, frowning "unbeliever"—the friendly policeman keeping the motor cars at a safe distance.

The Band played, and some one prayed. A song from the Songster Brigade was announced. A Salvationist left the ring and moved amongst the crowd with a collecting bag, and a young Bandsman began to read the Scriptures.

"You know what a job it is to keep a clean tongue at work. But I have Jesus with me there, and I can keep my lips pure by His grace."

It is ever the same. Talk of Jesus and your own experience, and the crowd will listen.

HONEY IN EVERYTHING

In a letter to his friend Robert Lloyd, Charles Lamb wrote:—

"One passage in your letter was a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that 'this world to you seems drained of

*The Sinner's
Only Hope*

Everyone may diagnose—that is, examine—the condition of his own soul. If you are unsaved and anxious, it is clear that God's Holy Spirit is at work, urging you to be saved. You should, therefore, seek help by going to Jesus, and laying the matter before Him.

If you are a backslider, or have no longing to be saved, your soul is in peril of an awful doom that awaits every spiritually enlightened soul out of Christ. There is only one way for a sinner to be saved, and that is God's way—Jesus is the Way. There is only one remedy for sin; The Blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin. Therefore, leave your own way, seek God's way and His remedy, and you shall be saved and go on your way rejoicing in Jesus. May you act without delay. Time is urgent!

round about to keep the cattle off, so guard the buddings of grace in thee by avoiding places of evil.

MAN AND HIS TONGUE

God gave man a tongue with which to speak.

Every foolish word is a waste; every false word is a hindrance to progress; every unkind word is a contribution to envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Few things are so important as the words we utter, and very few of us keep any careful guard on our tongues.

To be glibly silent is bad. To let flow a flood of random chatter is worse. Remember that every word you say counts for or against you and the world of which you are an influential part.

But, somehow, there was no electric soul-gripping force radiating from that ring of Salvationists. The tipplers on the pavement joked with each other. An air of leisurely interest was abroad.

Suddenly the jokes stopped. A man stepped closer to the ring. A man followed her. One of the men on the pavement took the pipe from his mouth and held it in mid-air while the genial care-free expression on his face changed into one of deep interest. The thrill of vital forces playing between the centre and the edge of that crowd passed from one to the other. What had happened?

The young Bandsman in the ring had begun to talk about his own experience of the things of God. His words were simple, but his voice rang with the authority of experience.

all its sweets!"

"At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of sugar! but I am afraid you meant more. Oh, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet! Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth. The sun and moon will reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet smells, a country walk, Spring and Autumn, foibles and repentance, quarrels and reconciliations have all a sweetness by turns.

"Good humor and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, Sept. 2nd—John 10:1-16. "I am the Good Shepherd." What of the Easter Shepherd, showing how the sheep learn to love His voice and to follow in His footsteps? Sheep of Western lands that are driven on ahead, terrified by the barking of the dogs. Even so does our "Good Shepherd" differ from the ordinary shepherd in the tender loving care He gives us. His sheep shall we fear to follow where He leads?

Monday, Sept. 3rd—John 10:15-30.

"Other sheep I have . . . Then also I must bring."—For love of the Good Shepherd many of our comrades are working in hard and lonely places, seeking these "other sheep." It is difficult, trying work, but love makes them strong to endure. Think of them, and pray that God will give them all the grace, patience, and

September 1, 1928

September 1, 1928

*Save Your
Soul Now*

WE SALVATIONISTS sing or pray or sing the Pure Heart. Indeed, subjects of which we more frequently or in which we more truly go on our most beautiful and healthful ways are on this theme. Perhaps frequently sung by us than the

"Oh, for a heart to praise
A heart from sin set free
A heart that always feels
So freely split for me!"

Is not that beautiful? But ter still—

"A heart in every thought
And full of love Divine;
Perfect and right, and pure
A copy, Lord, of Thine!"

Great, however, as is the song to stir our hearts, perhaps lights the genuine Salvationist's heart. The definite testimonies of those living the life of the Blessing, the prayers for its bestowment, the appeals to comrades to secure great price, so often heard of.

And yet I am afraid that Soldiers do not definitely openly profess the enjoyment of the blessing; and I have been thinking it is because the subject is not understood as it should be. I, therefore, to try to explain it in which I hope my comrades consider.

Now, please remember that is "Purity of Heart." I want to we mean by a Pure Heart; you may obtain the precious thing not possessed of already; may keep the blessing when a start off by saying:—

We all know what is meant by a Pure. When we talk about the things around us, we mean that clean and unadulterated. That are not only without dirt or have no inferior substance mixed.

When we say that a man is religious sense, we mean that he honest and true inside and out only professes, but practises the have to do with his duty to God.

It is spoken of in the Bible or defilement of the body, mind.

Purity in Religion must mean, the absence of such filthy things as

gluttony, dishonesty, cheating,

pride, malice, bad tempers, se



EX-SOLDIER'S TESTIMONY

It's a long time since I was able to get to a meeting. There have been times when I have felt I ought to do what I know to be right, but to-day the desire to do so has left me; in fact, since I failed to respond to His call and had my own way I have felt I have passed "Redemption Point," and the rest of my life will be spent as I have spent the past few years.

As far as my wife and family, home, this world's comforts and pleasures are concerned, I have all one would desire; nevertheless, many a time I am filled with regrets. Mine, I am afraid, is a hopeless and helpless case, and it would be difficult

for you or anyone else to fully understand how hopeless. I have sunk deep into the mire of sin, and feel I am the blackest sinner alive.

My purpose in writing is that my experience will help some hesitating soul who has been called by God to fully surrender to His will, no matter what the cost. Yes, anything will be better than to spend one's life as I am spending mine.—South Africa "War Cry."

WALKED PAST EVERY HOTEL AS A TEST

Crowds stood around Saturday night's Open-air at Newcastle, and took part in the singing. One very promising young man, after listening to the songs and Salvation message, came forward and surrendered to God. Another man, who also listened, came to Sunday's Holiness meeting. As he was about to leave, he exclaimed to the Officer, "Captain, pray for me." The Spirit of God dealt

with him, and he returned to the night meeting, where, great sturdy man though he was, he was broken up by the Spirit's conviction, and for the first time in his life he knelt at the mercy-seat and got gloriously converted. He called to see the Adjutant on Monday morning, still praising God, and said, to prove that God had changed him, he walked past every hotel as a test, and found that God had indeed given him a wonderful deliverance. He is an ex-evil servant, and a well-known musician. He usually visited Sydney for week-ends, but on this occasion was led to Newcastle. Now, instead of going to Sydney for week-end pleasure, he says he will come up from his orchard to take his place as a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist.—Australia East "War Cry."

Men wish to see in order to believe; Martha was called upon to believe in order to see.

comfort they need.

"With tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
O Lord, endue them from above."

Tuesday, Sept. 4th—John 10:31-42.

"John did no miracle; all things that John spoke of this man were true."—Are you longing to do great things—"miracles"—mighty deeds? Instead do you feel your life to be dull, monotonous, arrow? Do not murmur if God in His wisdom has put you in limited circumstances; but seek, like John the Baptist, that your life and your words give the witness to others of a Saviour who to save and keep from sin.

Wednesday, Sept. 5th—John 11:1-2.

"Now, Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."—There was a very tender, close relationship between the Lord Jesus and the members of this family at Bethany. He only delayed coming to His dear friend Lazarus, because He had something better for him than saving the giving back of life itself. We, too, one day, shall know what God delayed some answer to our prayers.

Thursday, Sept. 6th—John 11:17-32.

"I know, that even now, whatever thou wilt ask, God will give."—He though to all outward appearance brother's case was quite hopeless. Martha dared to believe, and so boldly to express her belief that somehow Jesus could restore Lazarus. Have you a loved one whose salvation seems hopeless? Stand with Martha and plead her "ever last."

Friday, Sept. 7th—John 11:34-46.

"He that was dead, came forth." The miracle had such effect on the onlookers that "many believed on Him." But some closed their hearts in unbelief and went and denounced God to His enemies. The Sinner not only died for the Jewish nation, but for the whole world. In a funeral gallery is a picture of the Crucifixion, in which the thorn-crowned Christ bears over this inscription in Latin: "I have borne these things for thee." What hast thou done for me?

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Sunday, Sept. 2nd—John 10:1-4.
"I am the Good Shepherd."—What a charming picture Jesus gives here of the Eastern Shepherd, showing how the sheep learn to love His voice and to follow in His footsteps—so different from the poor frightened sheep of Western lands that are driven on sheep terrified by the barking of the dogs. Even so does our "Good Shepherd" differ from the ordinary shepherd in the tender loving care He gives us. His sheep shall we fear to follow where He leads?

Monday, Sept. 3rd—John 10:15-30.

"Other sheep I have . . . Then also must bring."—For love of the Good Shepherd many of our comrades are working in hard and lonely places, seeking these "other sheep." It is difficult, trying work, but love makes them strong to endure. Think of them, and pray that God will give them all the grace, patience, and

Save Your Soul Now

comfort they need.

"With tongues of fire, and beams of love,

O Lord, endue them from above."

Tuesday, Sept. 4th—John 10:31-42.
"John did no miracle; but all things that John spoke of this was were true."—Are you longing to do great things—"miracles"—mighty deeds? Instead do you feel you're to be dull, monotonous, narrow? Do not murmur if God in His wisdom has put you in limited circumstances; but seek, like John the Baptist, that your life and your words give the witness to others of a Saviour who to save and keep from sin.

Wednesday, Sept. 5th—John 11:1-14.

"Now, Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."—There was a very tender, close relationship between the Lord Jesus and the members of this family at Bethany. He only delayed coming to His sick friend, Lazarus, because He had something better for him than healing—the giving back of life itself. We, too, one day, shall know why God delayed some answers to our prayers.

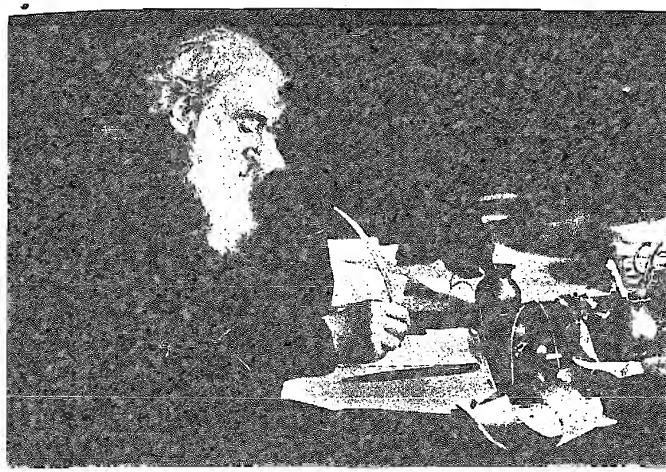
Thursday, Sept. 6th—John 11:15-24.

"I know that even now, whatever thou wilt ask, God will give"—Although all outward appearance let though to all outward appearance his brother's case was quite hopeless, Martha dared to believe, and did boldly to express her belief that somehow Jesus could restore Lazarus to life. Lazarus, because He had something better for him than healing—the giving back of life itself. We, too, one day, shall know why God delayed some answers to our prayers.

Friday, Sept. 7th—John 11:24-34.

"He that was dead came forth."—The miracle had such effect on the onlookers that "many . . . believed in Him." But some closed their eyes in unbelief and went and declared to the Lord to His enemies. If we do not admit God's light into our hearts, darkness only becomes greater.

Saturday, Sept. 8th—John 11:35-40.
"It is expedient for us that one die, so that all die for the people."—Jesus spoke more truly than He knew, for God spoke through him. The Savior not only died for the Jewish nation, but for the whole world. In a famous art gallery is a picture that depicts the suffering, thorn-crowned Christ, ends over this inscription in Latin: "I have borne these things for thee. What hast thou done for me?"



WE SALVATIONISTS are always singing or praying or talking about a Pure Heart. Indeed, there are few subjects of which we more frequently speak, or in which we more truly glory. Some of our most beautiful and heart-stirring songs are on this theme. Perhaps no one is more frequently sung by us than that commencing,

"Oh, for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels the blood,
So freely split for me!"

Is not that beautiful? But it goes on better still—

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love Divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!"

Great, however, as is the power of such songs to stir our hearts, perhaps nothing delights the genuine Salvationist more than the definite testimonies of those living in the enjoyment of the Blessing, or the earnest prayers for its bestowment, or the fervent appeals to comrades to secure this Pearl of great price, so often heard of in our ranks. And yet I am afraid that many of our Soldiers do not definitely experience and openly profess the enjoyment of the Blessing; and I have been thinking that, perhaps, it is because the subject is not so well understood as it should be. I propose, therefore, to try to explain it in a few words, which I hope my comrades will carefully consider.

Now, please remember that my subject is "Purity of Heart." I want to explain what we mean by a Pure Heart; to show how you may obtain the precious treasure, if you are not possessed of it already; and how you may keep the Blessing when attained. I will start off by saying:—

We all know what is meant by being Pure. When we talk about the purity of things around us, we mean that they are clean and unadulterated. That is, that they are not only without dirt or filthiness, but have no inferior substance mixed with them.

When we say that a man is pure, in the religious sense, we mean that he is right and honest and true inside and out; that he not only professes, but practises the things that have to do with his duty to God and man.

Sin is spoken of in the Bible as filthiness or defilement of the body, mind, or spirit. Purity in Religion must mean, therefore, the absence of such filthy things as drunkenness, gluttony, dishonesty, cheating, falsehood, pride, malice, bad tempers, selfishness, un-

belief, disobedience or the like.

In short, to be pure in soul signifies deliverance from all and everything which the Lord shows you to be opposed to His Holy Will. It means that you not only possess the ability to live the kind of life that He desires, but that you actually do live it.

Now, Purity, I need not tell you, my comrades, is much admired and greatly desired by all right-minded beings. To begin with:—

We all like material purity; for instance, I am sure that everyone reading this Letter prefers to have a clean body. When you rise in the morning, you are not comfortable till you have washed yourselves. When the miners come from the pit, or the farmers from the field, or the girls from the factory, their first demand is for water with which to cleanse themselves.

You like clean clothes and clean linen, do you not? Consider the money and labor that are expended in keeping your garments clean.

You like a clean home. See how the housewife scrubs and washes and brushes and dusts to keep the floor and windows and furniture clean.

You like a clean city. What a laborious and costly sweeping of the streets, and carrying away of rubbish there is and what money is spent on the fixing and cleansing of sewers to keep our towns and cities sweet and pure.

We like this sort of purity, because it is pleasant to the eye and good for health. We know that dirt is hateful to the senses, breeds vermin, generates cholera, plague, and diseases in general, and hurries people to the grave. So we hate it, and say, "Away with it; let us be clean!"

But all right-minded beings admire the purity of the soul far more than they do the purity of the body, or the clothes, the home, or anything else; and that, because it is so much more important. For instance:—

(a) God Loves Soul Purity. It is His nature to do so. I have no doubt, like us, He prefers to see His children outwardly clean. He tells us, through Paul, that we are to have our bodies washed with pure water; but the washing of the heart is far more desirable to Him than that of the body.

"His saints are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks and loves His image there."

Yes, God delights in Holiness. Heaven, His dwelling-place, is pure. Its inhabitants

PURITY: What It Is

A Centenary Call to Holy Living:

By The Army Founder

are pure. Its employments, and enjoyments, and worship are all alike pure.

(b) The Angels love Purity. If any unholy creature could, by any means, be introduced into the Celestial City, the inhabitants would, I am sure, avoid such a creature, as we should avoid a being who had some dreadful disease.

(c) The Devils know that Purity is a precious thing—although they hate it and oppose it with all their might.

(d) Many wicked men admire Purity. They look on it as being beautiful and desirable in others, although they regard it as being impossible to them. In their thoughtful moments, when the Spirit of God strives with them, when the recollections of the innocent days gone by crowd into their memories, and they see people who they know are clean and good, they hate themselves because of their own impurity, although all the time refusing to submit to God, and to accept the Salvation that would make them pure.

(e) Lost souls in Hell feel how infinitely superior Holiness is to wickedness. They see now how much better it would have been for them if they had washed their hearts in the Blood of the Lamb when they had the privilege of doing so. Oh, what would they not give to have such opportunities as those enjoyed by you!

Are you in love with Purity, my comrades? Perhaps you possess it. Perhaps you have been to Jesus for the cleansing Power, laid yourself at His Feet, given up your doubtful things, offered yourself to do His Will, living or dying, and believed that the Blood of Jesus Christ has made you clean.

Oh, if that experience has been yours, happy are you, and happier still if you are walking in the power and peace of that experience to-day. If it is so, I congratulate you; I delight in you, and praise God on your account.

But if this Blessing is not yours, are you longing after it? Does the thought of it fill your soul with desire? Does it make you feel like the poet, when he sang:—

"O glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings."

Come along, my comrades. Your happiness and your influence are all connected with your being made holy. Oh, I beseech you to kneel down here and now, and ask God to make you each and all pure, by the Power of the Holy Ghost, through the Blood of the Lamb.

Yours affectionately,
WILLIAM BOOTH.



On The Trail in NORTHERN RHODESIA

Two Miles per Hour! — Killing Meals — A Moonlight Inspection — A Captain's Spade Work — Sixty at Knee-Drill — Camp-Fire Meeting

STAFF-CAPTAIN ABERY writes graphically in the South African "War Cry" of Commissioner De Groot's campaign in Northern Rhodesia. Recording the course of events after they left the railways, he says:

Before 3 a.m. the party was astir; camp was struck, and by 3.30 we were on the road. Several members of the party walked ahead, keeping a lookout in the light of dawn for any creature at which they might have a chance shot, and so add to our larder and also provide provender for the people who attended the meetings.

The first outspan was made shortly after ten o'clock, and the oxen were given a rest. We were soon on the road again and at six o'clock in the evening again camped for the night. The next morning, long before the sun rose, we trekked in the moonlight. So far the roads had not been too bad, "patches" which made traveling very

slow—not more than two miles per hour—with many shakes and bumps. When nearing the Settlement at sunset, a fine young buck was disturbed and fell to the shot of Captain Jensen, thus we were provided with the necessary "nyama" (meat) for the next few days. Ensign Wacker-nagel, with a company of the Salvationists, who had been waiting a long time, came three or four miles out to meet us, and it was quite dark when we arrived.

Mrs. Captain Jensen was very pleased to see the Commissioner and party for she has not seen more than two Europeans since she came to the Reserve fourteen months ago. Before retiring to rest the Commissioner walked round the Settlement in the moonlight, and inspected the different buildings.

The light of day revealed the beauties of the situation. Within twenty-eight miles of the Zambezi the Settlement of Iwue Munyama is located on a gentle rise and is surrounded by beautiful trees and forest growth. Nearby is a small river which runs

through the Reserve and provides a plentiful supply of water, which is excellent for drinking and other purposes.

Decided progress has been made by the Captain. When he arrived on the scene first he had to build his own hut, and then prepare for the reception of his wife and little one. When all was in readiness he set out for his loved ones and together they tramped from Kafue with their three months old baby, the journey taking them seven days.

To-day he has quite nice quarters and a fine Hall, which will accommodate 250. The latter has been made out of the ruins of what was formerly a Government Jail. Then there are huts besides other out-buildings. It is all the more creditable to the Captain when one realises that he has had no experience whatever of the erection of buildings.

During his stay the Commissioner went into the question of further developments effecting the spiritual, educational and medical work of the Settlement.

Four meetings were held, each of which were of exceptional interest. Staff-Captain Anderson led the early Knee Drill, at which about sixty were present. Later in the morning the Commissioner conducted a number of ceremonies, the first being the opening of the new Hall. The comrades had their usual march around the Settlement, their hearty singing reverberating among the nearby hills, then congregated at the entrance of the entrance of the Hall, where our Leader dedicated the building to the Glory of God and the salvation of the people.

At the meeting in the Hall, the Commissioner dedicated the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Jensen.

The dedication was somewhat unique in that one of the infant's names was Chiota, after the Chieftainess, who has voluntarily taken upon herself those duties usually assigned to godmothers. She feels responsible because this little white child was born within the bounds of her jurisdiction, and brings gifts in the way of food.

Under these circumstances the Chieftainess was given

the baby to hand to the Commissioner, and stood by Mrs. Captain Jensen during the ceremony, and intelligently listened to the words of our Leader.

Following this service the Commissioner dedicated the daughter of Commandant and Mrs. Kunzwe, and then enrolled eleven Senior and eleven Junior Soldiers.

At night, around the camp fire, the Commissioner, assisted by different members of the party, had a bright meeting, bringing to a close what was surely a memorable day for Iwue Munyama.

The following day was fully taken up with business, and early on Friday morning we commenced our return by ox-wagon through bush and grass, which was frequently eight to ten feet high, and we left with great hopes for the future of Iwue Munyama as a Salvation Army Native Settlement.

IN A LONELY SHACK BARREN SHORE

An Army Officer M
Happy Discover

A STATEMENT made late Sir Rider Haggard at a meeting conducted by the Salvation Army, was forced recently. He said: "If ever a lot to visit the North Pole, to see there. The Salvation Flag and 'The War Cry'."

In the latter part of April a friend of mine decided to go to an island in the extreme of Newfoundland, called on 'the Grot Island,' but better the phonology of the fisherman 'the Gray Island.' The distance twenty-one miles, our boat

feet long.

An Inhospitable Shore

The day was fine; a breeze from the North-West considerable help with our narrow canvas sail. Shortly after we began the journey, which seven and a half hours. As we went down over the hills of the shore in a glorious sunset we the end of our journey, only greeted by inaccessible and insurmountable cliffs and mountains. The running high, night was falling upon us; to make a landing ed impossible.

"Something must be done. Rowing around the Island for distance, we came upon a cove we thought we might get into. After some difficulty a landing made with not much harm apart from getting our foot soaked in the salt water by breaking in the boat.

"A temporary shelter was made with the sail, a lighted good cup of hot tea made. This was spent in adding logs to the fire and talking of similar experiences of our past lives.

"As the morning dawned on us, we were still in the cove, the ptarmigan, which flew over and seemed to be very fat, that the night had passed. We had heard were somewhere on land, owned by the Southern men who come to the Summer fishing.

Hanging on the Wall

"From September to June land is void of any form of life and is the home of the eider, the sea-gull, the ptarmigan, and birds. In the Spring the Island is visited by large numbers of sea occasionally the Arctic fox. We long before we came upon a number of shacks, and made our self for our week's quarters.

"Almost the first thought crossed my mind was: 'I wonder if there is any thing here of value.' On sleeping inside the shack I paper hanging on a nail to the wall. Wearing deeply-colored glasses, protective against snow-blindness, could not at first see what paper was, but after moving my glasses closer, I saw in bold letters the paper, 'The Easter Egg, 1927.'

"For one long week this was my

(Continued at foot of column)

A Canadian Missionary's First Touch with Java

Captain Joy Mason Writes Home

FROM Captain Joy Mason comes the following letter describing her first days in Java, for which land she left Canada East earlier in the year:

"Here I am, for some time at any rate, at the Children's Home in Bandoeng, which is situated next door to the Headquarters. At the present time we have nearly sixty children, of whom seventeen or eighteen are boys, ranging in age from about five to sixteen years. It is my duty to look after them. I can assure you it is no easy task, especially when you consider that I cannot speak Dutch or Malay, and the children can speak both, but not English. If I stopped to think about it very much, I am afraid I should be inclined to give up in despair, but I don't do that; I simply go ahead and do the best I can by God's help, and it is wonderful how I manage.

"I have not taken any language lessons since coming here, but I hope to start next week. However, I am trying to learn what I can from the Dutch Grammar given me in London, and I also learn a little by listening to the children. I shall be very glad indeed when I can speak Dutch, and then I shall start on Malay.

"The portable gramophone and records which were so very kindly given to me by the Men's Social Department are very useful indeed. The boys are greatly taken up with it; so as a reward for being good I play several records for them after they go to bed at night, and they are always so very pleased, and beg for more; but I have to exercise discretion, for they must go to sleep, as they rise at six o'clock every morning.

"It is a very busy life here, but I enjoy the work. They have promised to send me to the Leprosy work as soon



Captain Joy Mason, Java

"It is a very beautiful country, and the climate in Bandoeng is lovely, about the coolest place there is in Java. On the whole, Java is very western in many ways. One thing you notice here is that there are very few sidewalks, as there are so many automobiles, dog carts drawn by Shetland ponies, and a great many bicycles, so that sidewalks are not such a necessity.

"I am glad to be able to say that I am not only enjoying good physical health, better even than in Canada, but also that I have a sweet communion with my Master day by day as I strive to do His will."

Eleven years ago Mark Marshall was a drunken sailor, caring, naught for God or good, and was the despair of his saintly mother.

He sailed the wide seas to Brazil,

and north to Hudson Bay, each voyage serving to estrange him still further from God. But, as in the case of Jonah, God followed disobedient Mark and sought him out. "A mighty tempest arose," and the captain of the vessel, a Salvationist, exclaimed, "We are all lost. If you have ought to settle, settle it now!"

The words cut Mark like a knife,

He had much to settle, he knew, and unless he did settle it soon he felt that

Hall would be his lot. In the midst of these gloomy forebodings, and more

than likely expecting a watery grave, the gentle, appealing face of his mother came before him, and he heard her as it were, once again urging him to seek God. He decided that he would

Then suddenly the gale's violence was

broken; the seas abated, and the ship

made harbor safely;

Soon after this incident Mark's be

loved mother went to Heaven, her dying wish being that her boy should seek God. Mark took Christ as his

Pilot in the Memorial service con

ducted for his mother.

The drunken sailor is now a re

spected Corps Sergeant-Major in

Saint John, New Brunswick.

PRAY FOR OUR COMRADES WHO ARE WORKING
ON DISTANT MISSIONARY FIELDS



IN A LONELY SHACK ON A BARREN SHORE

An Army Officer Makes a Happy Discovery

A STATEMENT made by the late Sir Rider Haggard on an ocean liner, when speaking at a meeting conducted by The Salvation Army, was forced upon me recently. He said: 'If ever it is my lot to visit the North Pole, I expect to see there The Salvation Army Flag and "The War Cry."

"In the latter part of April last a friend of mine decided to accompany me to an island in the extreme North of Newfoundland, called on the chart 'The Gras Island,' but better known in the phraseology of the fisherman as 'The Gray Island.' The distance was twenty-one miles, our boat sixteen feet long.

An Inhospitable Shore

"The day was fine; a pleasant breeze from the North-West gave us considerable help with our nine yard canvas sail. Shortly after mid-day, we began the journey, which took us seven and a half hours. As the sun went down over the hills of the Treaty shore in a glorious sunset we reached the end of our journey, only to be greeted by inaccessible and inhospitable cliffs and mountains. The sea was running high, night was fast coming upon us; to make a landing seemed impossible.

"Something must be done. After rowing around the Island for some distance we came upon a cove where we thought we might get ashore. After some difficulty a landing was made with not much harm done, apart from getting our food well soaked in the salt water by the sea breaking in the boat.

"A temporary shelter was made with the sail, a fire lighted, and a good cup of hot tea made. The night was spent in adding logs to the fire and talking of similar experiences in our past lives.

"As the morning dawned our first greeting was the cackle of the ptarmigan, which flew over our heads and seemed to be very glad that the night had passed. We began to search for the shacks that we had heard were somewhere on the Island, owned by the Southern fishermen, who come to the Island for their Summer's fishing.

Hanging on the Wall

"From September to June the Island is void of any form of human life and is the home of the elder-duck, the sea-gull, the ptarmigan, and other birds. In the Spring the Island is visited by large numbers of seals, and occasionally the Arctic fox. We were not long before we came upon a number of shacks, and made our selection for our week's quarters.

"Almost the first thought which crossed my mind was: 'I wonder if there is any thing here in the way of literature that a fellow could get?' On stepping inside the shack I saw a paper hanging on a nail to the wall. Wearing deeply-colored glasses as a preventative against snow-blindness, I could not at first see what paper it was, but after moving my glasses and coming nearer, I saw in bold type across the paper, 'The Easter War Cry, 1927.'

"For one long week this was my only (Continued at foot of column 4)

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER — **Lieut.-Colonel Dickerson** SPRINGDALE STREET, ST. JOHN'S

NEWFOUNDLAND'S NEW LEADERS

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson Warmly Greeted in the Capital

ON THURSDAY last the "Nerissa" arrived at St. John's bringing our new Sub-Territorial Leaders, Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson, and their son, Stanley. A number of Officers met the newly-appointed Leaders at the pier and extended to them a warm welcome.

To make the new Sub-Territorial Leader and Mrs. Dickerson feel at home a welcome tea was arranged at No. 1 Hall, where they met a number of Staff and Field Officers. This took place on their first evening in Newfoundland, and following this private gathering a great welcome meeting was conducted at the No. 1 Citadel by Major Walton, the General Secretary.

Several representative speakers voiced welcomes to Newfoundland's new Leaders during the evening, and each, on behalf of the branch they represented, warmly greeted Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson and pledged their loyal support.

Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, in her address, expressed her delight at the privilege of coming to Newfoundland, and of her desire to be made of blessing.

The Colonel followed. He brought greetings from the Commissioner and Mrs. Maxwell, and also from several Officers who have served in Newfoundland. In interesting manner

a great soul-saving work in progress, and his appreciation of the opportunity afforded him; and Mrs.

corded them, and made a special appeal to the backsliders, illustrating by a story how God can transform sin-stained and spoiled lives to examples of Holiness.

Then the Colonel spoke. His great purpose in life, he said, was to save souls. He desired that the people should look upon him as a brother with a helping hand. In his address he reminded his hearers that life was merely a sojourn, the need of a heavenly mansion and an eternal home, which all may enter through Jesus Christ. In the Prayer-meeting four seekers came forward.—M. Little.



A few of the members of the Winterton Home League, snapped by the camera-man. Ensign and Mrs. Rideout are the Corps Officers

Dickerson gave a thought-provoking address. A Free-and-easy meeting was conducted in the afternoon.

Many minutes before the Salvation meeting started all the seating accommodation was filled, and others were seeking admittance. Newfoundlanders are greatly interested in missionary work, and the presence of these leaders who have spent twenty years in Africa proved a great attraction. Mrs. Major Walton prayed and the General Secretary read a cablegram received from the Commissioner introducing Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson, which said:

"Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson are Officers of many years' ser-

GO PREACH THE GOSPEL

Sung at the Commissioning of Cadets by the Training Garrison Quartet

When loved ones of earth are far from me parted,
And through the world I boldly press my way;
Often inspired by the words of the Master,
"Lo! I am with you through all thy earthly days."

Chorus
Christ leads me all the way, never straying,
Keeping my heart in tenderness and love.

Sweet is life while He is controlling,
Brightest the day while looking up above.

Vast is the field, but few are the reapers,
Precious the seed to scatter all the way;
What kindness shown, but some weary heart sore-tire—
Love worketh wonders for "Those willing to obey."

Chorus
He who ordains His servants for to labor
Among sinful men, and point the way to God.
Prospereth the truth, though in weakness delivered,
Souls seek the power of the sin-atonning Blood.

THE C.C.C.

**ROLL UP
YOUR SLEEVES
TO IT**

(Continued from column 1)
reading matter, I read it and re-read it over again—The wonderful conversion at St. Kitts; 'The Silence of Jesus,' and other articles and stories that were in its pages.

"It is a common thing to see 'The War Cry' pasted on the walls in the homes of these Southern fishermen who come to the Northern part of Newfoundland for their Summer's fishing. Many of them have told me personally that 'The War Cry' is to them a real source of blessing."

"Then let us carry out the three maxims of one of our former Editors: 'Read it; write to it; and sell it.'"

Adjutant J. Kean,
Channell, Nfld.



Some products of Hant's Harbor Corps. Names (back): Captain Tuck and Lieutenant A. Stickland. (Front): Captain F. Stickland (Teacher at Hant's Harbor), Commandant Peach (the Corps Officer), and Lieutenant Ellis

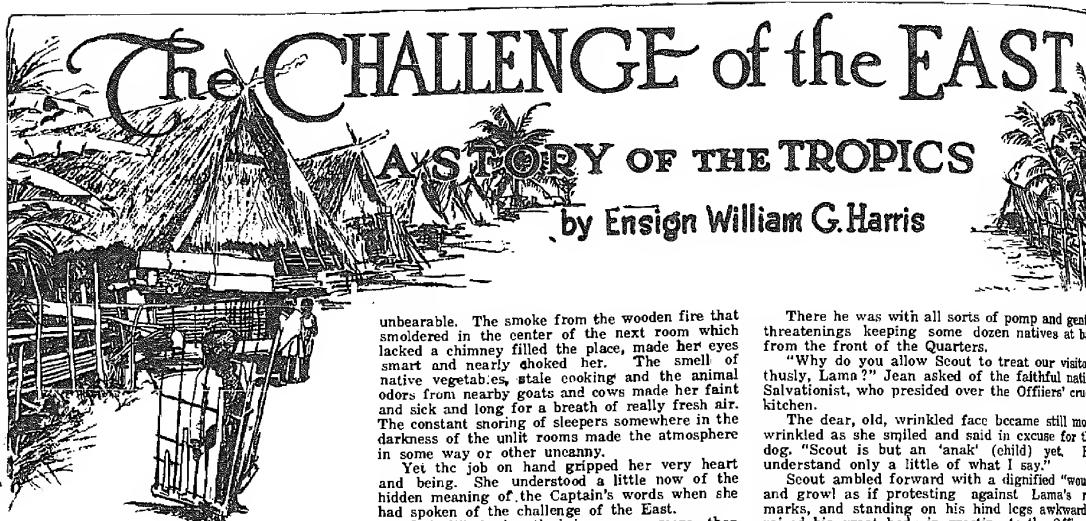
the Colonel referred to his years of happy service in England, Africa and Canada West, and assured his comrades that he had come to do his best and to devote himself entirely to the progress of God's Work in Newfoundland, and to leave alone the things of this world.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson conducted the meetings on Sunday, August 12th, at St. John's I.

In the Holiness meeting the Colonel re-emphasized his desire to see

vice. They have served devotedly and whole-heartedly and sacrificially in other lands. They come to the Newfoundland Officers and comrades rich in experience of Army warfare, with the confidence of their General who has appointed them to be your leaders. I commend them to you, love and confidence. God will help you together to do great and glorious work for His Kingdom."

Mrs. Dickerson expressed her thanks for the warm welcome ac-



CHAPTER II

AT THE cry of ghosts the headman's face turned a slate gray as in fear he rushed to the bedside of his beautiful Soekijah—treasured for her commercial worth and not loved for herself.

Could it be possible that she was dead and that her spirit, with another, had already begun to haunt the village?

One look was sufficient, however, to assure him. Even in the flickering light cast by the native oil lamp he could see that Soekijah's breast still rose and sank in uncertain breathing.

Outside the house Mas Loerah laughed witheringly at the fears of his followers. He had been to the distant city and knew that these figures were no ghosts.

The two white women came slowly up the long, shaded path that led to the headman's house. They were the first white women that the majority of the villagers had even seen.

With a flow of uncomplimentary remarks concerning the visitors to the "imam," the headman went to greet them, for as the Mas Loerah remarked, "the white men have power and their women must be given respect."

Yes, they were religious people, he was told by one of them in the picturesque words of excellent Javanese, who lived in the village of Djedag, far away across the hills, but "news-of-the-world" (rumor) had told them of the dangerous sickness of the headman's wife and they had come to offer their assistance.

Could they see the woman? the question came. Mas Loerah was reluctant to allow a white person to interfere with his domestic affairs, and hesitated.

The slowly gathering crowd of village men were obviously hanging on his decision, and he did not want to appear unwise in their eyes. Had he not himself told them stories of the white man's amazing skill? And Soekijah was valuable to him; he did not want to lose her.

So avoiding the glare from the "imam's" eyes he turned and slowly made his way into the house.

Captain Jean Sinclair, a Scotch girl with four years' missionary experience, needed no further permission to get right to business. She had dealt with many a similar case before.

With but a sign to the "other white ghost," her Lieutenant, Evangel Sellar, newly arrived in the country from America, and the portable medical chest was opened, water was in readiness to wash and refresh the dying woman, and the necessary efforts were being made to reduce her dangerously high temperature.

Throughout that day and on through the night, Jean Sinclair and Evangel Sellar fought death with all their skill.

Jean knew from past experience that success might help them to win the whole village to her Christ, but failure?—she shut her eyes—there must be no failure.

So while one girl nursed and worked the other believed and prayed, and their roles were constantly interchanged. An enthralling picture of faith and works in union.

To Evangel Sellar the hot night seemed endless and the torrid atmosphere of the native house

unbearable. The smoke from the wooden fire that smoldered in the center of the next room which lacked a chimney filled the place, made her eyes smart and nearly choked her. The smell of native vegetables, stale cooking and the animal odors from nearby goats and cows made her faint and sick and long for a breath of really fresh air. The constant snoring of sleepers somewhere in the darkness of the unit rooms made the atmosphere in some way or other uncanny.

Yet the job on hand gripped her very heart and being. She understood a little now of the hidden meaning of the Captain's words when she had spoken of the challenge of the East.

"O God!" she breathed in prayer more than once during that night, "I accept the challenge, I accept the challenge."

At daybreak the patient was relieved and soon afterwards regained consciousness. She opened her eyes and there was relief and hope in them. Then she gazed on the Officers and especially on the youthful beauty of Evangel Sellar. Her look was first one of gratitude, then it changed to amazement as the never-before-seen-in-these-parts type of pristine beauty of the face she looked upon seemed to dawn on her vision. Fear took its place followed again by amazement. Then as if some horrible, jealous thought entered her mind there came a look which was no other than a fierce glare of hatred, modified only by the weakness of the woman who stared.

"Say, Jean! Did you notice the weird and terrible look that woman gave me?" said the Lieutenant as they later tramped homeward.

"Yes, I did, dear," answered the Captain, "although I do not understand it. Maybe a paroxysm of pain gripped her just then."

"No! I somehow didn't get it that way. It fairly makes me shudder to think of it."

They journeyed on in the sweltering heat of the torrid sun. Through streams and rushing torrents, skirting the muddy sides of rice-fields, with their green of a myriad hues and the rice growing in water that must always be kept running; then for a moment the welcome shade of a path shadowed by the feathery tops of clumps of tall bamboos, but soon out again in the blistering heat to climb a mountain slope, too rugged and steep for even a horse to easily negotiate.

The deep-toned barking of a dog sounded across the valley. "That's Scout," said Evangel Sellar.

"How nice to be nearing home!" returned the Captain.

Yes, if it is only a native bamboo shack in Djedag, with white neighbors, stores and the post office (oh, the very important post office) thirty miles away. How good it is when the body is weary, the eyes strained and heavy, and the tongue parched, to come into the shade, sit down, drink and rest, at home!

The Officers found Scout, the big St. Bernard puppy donated to them by a friendly planter from one of the tea estates, having a great time.

There he was with all sorts of pomp and gentle threatenings keeping some dozen natives at bay from the front of the Quarters.

"Why do you allow Scout to treat our visitors thusly, Lama?" Jean asked of the faithful native Salvationist, who presided over the Officers' crude kitchen.

The dear, old, wrinkled face became still more wrinkled as she smiled and said in excuse for the dog. "Scout is but an 'anak' (child) yet. He understand only a little of what I say."

Scout ambled forward with a dignified "wou" and growl as if protesting against Lama's remarks, and standing on his hind legs awkwardly raised his great body in greeting to the Officers. A pat, a fusc and a smile and their canine lieutenant was satisfied.

"What do these people want, Lama?" inquired Evangel Sellar.

"Hallelujah!" replied the faithful old Christian servant. "My people will yet be won to Jesus. These have heard of the wonderful recovery of Soekijah and have come from her village during the night to be treated for their ills; they did not want the priest to know of their coming to you. Heal their bodies and, perhaps, we shall win their hearts for 'Goestie Jesoes,'" continued Lama with sparkling eyes.

Scorning the idea of rest or refreshment the Captain decided she would first tend to this sick paroxysm.

A radiant look filled her eyes. These Javanese folk evidently feared her no longer as the mysterious white woman, who preached a strange religion. Already she visioned her small part of the East surrendering to the claims of Christ.

In a shaded spot in front of the bamboo Quarters the sick squatted on the ground.

Sorot, Lama's husband, was dispatched to bring water to bathe the slow-moving Javanese man to a spot about two miles distant and back.

"Let's improve the shining hour and have a



A typical Javanese market shelter from the fierce tropical sun

Note the umbrellas used by the vendors in

meeting until Sorot returns," suggested the Lieutenant to the Captain to the great joy of Lama.

Just fifteen people and one dog attended that impromptu service in the shady open-air cathedral of a banana grove, but every item gripped

(Continued on page 11)



HOLLAND There are thirteen Reclamation Brigades and a hundred and twenty Reclamation Sergeants, also some eighteen workers whose principal responsibility is the after-care of their charges.

Most of the Sergeants are permitted to do Prison visitation. In addition to the Sergeants, there are responsible Officers who also visit those in need of their ministrations. Our visiting contrades are not permitted to pray with those into whose cells they enter unless the prisoners themselves request them to do so, but it often happens, as will be clearly understood, that the welcome visitor is asked to offer up a petition. As one passes through the prison, one sees there is a notice on the doors of certain cells indicating that The Salvation Army representative is the authorized visitor to the one within.

As a rule, every prisoner is visited once a month, and very sacred and precious are many of the much-looked-for occasions. As will be understood, much wisdom and tact are necessary, especially in certain instances. Most of the prisoners are men and boys. Indeed, it is well to remember that there is only one prison in the whole country for women. It is true there are places where women offenders go for short periods of detention, but they are not prisons in the ordinary meaning of the word. In addition to getting into touch with prisoners in their cells, some are met when they are discharged, and where possible suitable work is found, and the former prisoner and his dependents are helped in various ways.

Many letters expressing gratitude have been received from those who have been helped, and The Army in Holland, with its Lunteren Farm College and its various Homes and other institutions, is peculiarly adapted to carry on this helpful form of Samaritan work.

Some stirring stories can be told in connection with the work done. One man, whom The Army helped, was a notable burglar, who filled a whole town and district with alarm, and the hue and cry was raised against him. While all and sundry were hunting for him, he was secretly hiding in the burgomaster's house. When he came under The Army's influence, it became an entirely changed man. It is a long and interesting story, that finishes up with the ringing of wedding bells.

BELGIUM A LETTER to hand from Brigadier Muller, the Commander for the Belgian Sub-Territory, we learn that Hollander, who was at one time soloist in the choir of a large church in the United States, wandered from God, and after many

visitations, and far from happy by reason of his wrongdoing, landed at Antwerp, and stayed for a time in The Army's Home for Sailors.

Not only did he obtain temporary work here, but he found the Salvation Army, as a result of a definite talk with the Officer in charge.

Another convert was a young Canadian, who, after leaving home and getting into bad company, lost his ship and found himself stranded in Antwerp. It was in a meeting at the

the EAST TROPICS

Sam G. Harris

There he was with all sorts of pomp and gentle threatenings keeping some dozen natives at bay from the front of the Quarters.

"Why do you allow Scout to treat our visitors thusly, Lama?" Jean asked of the faithful native Salvationist, who presided over the Officers' crude kitchen.

The dear, old, wrinkled face became still more wrinkled as she smiled and said in excuse for the dog, "Scout is but an 'anak' (child) yet. He understand only a little of what I say."

Scout ambled forward with a dignified "woof" and growl as if protesting against Lama's remarks, and standing on his hind legs awkwardly raised his great body in greeting to the Officers. A pat, a fuss and a smile and their canine lieutenant was satisfied.

"What do these people want, Lama?" inquired Evangel Seller.

"Hallelujah!" replied the faithful old Christian servant. "My people will yet be won to Jesus. These have heard of the wonderful recovery of Soekiah and have come from her village during the night to be treated for their ills; they did not want the priest to know of their coming to you. Heal their bodies and, perhaps, we shall win their hearts for 'Goesi Jeesus,'" continued Lama with sparkling eyes.

Scorning the idea of rest or refreshment, the Captain decided she would first tend to this sick parakeet.

A radiant look filled her eyes. These Javanese folk evidently feared her no longer as the mysterious white woman, who preached a strange religion. Already she visioned her small part of the East surrendering to the claims of Christ.

In a shaded spot in front of the bamboo Quarters the sick squatted on the ground.

Sorot, Lama's husband, was dispatched to bring water to bathe their wounds. That meant a casual stroll for the slow-moving Javanese mat to a spot about two miles distant and back.

"Let's improve the shining hour and have a



Note the umbrellas used by the vendors from the fierce tropical sun

meeting until Sorot returns," suggested the Lieutenant to the Captain to the great joy of Lama.

Just fifteen people and one dog attended that impromptu service in the shady open-air cathedral of a banana grove, but every item grappled

(Continued on page 11)

Army Activities in Other Lands

A Review of Our World Wide Operations

IN HOLLAND there are thirteen Reclamation Brigades and a hundred and twenty Reclamation Sergeants, also some eighteen workers whose principal responsibility is the after-care of their charges.

Most of the Sergeants are permitted to do Prison visitation. In addition to the Sergeants, there are responsible Officers who also visit those in need of their ministrations. Our visiting comrades are not permitted to pray with those into whose cells they enter unless the prisoners themselves request them to do so, but it often happens, as will be clearly understood, that the welcome visitor is asked to offer up a petition. As one passes through the prison, one sees there is a notice on the doors of certain cells indicating that The Salvation Army representative is the authorized visitor to the one within.

As a rule, every prisoner is visited once a month, and very sacred and precious are many of the much-looked-for occasions. As will be understood, much wisdom and tact are necessary, especially in certain instances.

Most of the prisoners are men and lads. Indeed, it is well to remember that there is only one prison in the whole country for women. It is true there are places where women offenders go for short periods of detention, but they are not prisons in the ordinary meaning of the word. In addition to getting into touch with prisoners in their cells, some are met when they are discharged, and where possible suitable work is found, and the former prisoner and his dependents are helped in various ways.

Many letters expressing gratitude have been received from those who have been helped, and The Army in Holland, with its Lunteren Farm Colony and its various Homes and other institutions, is peculiarly adapted to carry on this helpful form of Samaritan work.

Some stirring stories can be told in connection with the work done. One man, whom The Army helped, was a notable burglar, who filled a whole town and district with alarm, and the hue and cry was raised against him. While all and sundry were hunting for him, he was securely hiding in the Burgomaster's house. When he came under The Army's influence, he became an entirely changed man. It is a long and interesting story, that finishes up with the ringing of wedding bells.

IN A LETTER to hand from Brigadier Muller, the Commander for the Belgian Sub-Territory, we learn that a Hollander, who was at one time soloist in the choir of a large church in the United States, wandered from God, and after many vicissitudes, and far from happy by reason of his wrongdoing, landed at Antwerp, and stayed for a time in The Army's Home for Sailors.

Not only did he obtain temporary work here, but he found the Salvation of God as a result of a definite talk with the Officer in charge.

Another convert was a young Canadian, who, after leaving home and his other safe-guarding associations, got into bad company, lost his ship and found himself stranded in Antwerp. It was in a meeting at the

Home that he got converted. Later he signed on and went in a ship returning to Canada.

Many nationalities are represented amongst those who profit by the Home. For example, a lad from Chile was spoken to in one of the meetings and presently he knelt at the mercy-seat and sought Salvation. Four months later he returned bright and smiling from a voyage and reported himself as still "well saved."

Another convert was an English seaman, who was separated from his wife. This man was spoken to at the door of The Army's Home. He admitted that he had lived a life of sin and was weary of it. He was dealt with fearlessly, and was then led to the way of true peace.

There was much happiness at the

induced to go to the meetings. Recently, however, he commenced to attend Army meetings and has given up the drink entirely. His conversion is now expected.

Another Cadet, before coming to the Training Garrison, was approached by his uncle, who had at one time been engaged in religious work, but was then keeping a store, to take charge of the place for him, instead of becoming an Officer. The Cadet could not see his way to do as his uncle wished and came away with the feeling that his uncle was against him for not complying with his wish. This troubled the Cadet so much that he wrote to his uncle explaining the reason for his action and telling him what God was doing for his soul at the Garrison, and advising him to return

GRATIFYING news of fighting and victory is to hand from the South America (West) Command. We learn in an interesting dispatch to hand from Santiago that Brigadier Lindwall, Staff-Captain Dennis and Adjutant Salvany

visited Talca (half way to Concepcion) for the purpose of conducting opening meetings. The Officer who has been prospecting at Talca for a few weeks had secured quite a suitable Hall in which three good meetings were held on the Sunday. Following a meeting elsewhere on the Saturday night, twelve seekers came to the mercy-seat during the week-end.

Talca is quite a busy centre with a population of about 45,000, and the Hall is situated in that quarter which is best suited for Salvation Army work. As is usual in most parts of Chile, the Open-air meetings were attended by large and interested crowds, and a deep impression was made upon the listeners by the message in word and song.

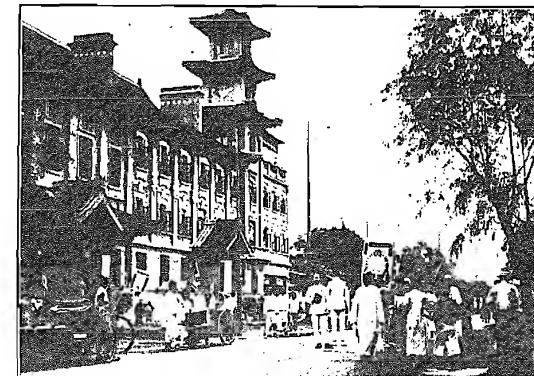
Recently the Brigadier and the Staff-Captain paid a hurried visit to Valpo in connection with a property inspection there, and conducted the meetings during the week-end. There is every prospect of The Army occupying a building in Valpo. This new building has a commanding situation and is of good appearance. In addition to the foregoing, our comrades have been able to see the premises which have been taken as a Hall and Quarters for the No. II Valparaiso Corps.

From various quarters in the Territory come news of courageous fighting for the souls of the people, and more and more The Army is being understood and appreciated.

FURTHER evidence of the progress of Salvation Army Bands in Japan was the recent journey of the united Kyobashi and Shiba Bands to Kofu, a country town five hours distant from Tokyo. Arriving at 5 o'clock Saturday evening, the Bands

announced their arrival by stirring march through the main street to the Public Hall. Here a packed audience of seven hundred and fifty greeted them—each having paid twenty sen for admission. The local people said there is some theatrical or musical event in this Hall every Saturday evening, but that never before has there been such a crowd as that which packed the building for the visit of the Bands. On the Sunday morning a Holiness meeting was held in The Army Hall and there were nine seekers. In the afternoon a musical Salvation meeting was held in the Park, and at night a Salvation meeting was conducted in the special Hall again, nine coming to the mercy-seat for Salvation from the power of sin.

The Officers were delighted with the success of the Campaign, and declare that the whole town was influenced. The men left on Sunday midnight and were back at their work early on the Monday morning, demonstrating the same self-sacrificing spirit that characterizes Army Bandsmen in all parts of the world.



On the march—A company of Salvationists setting out from The Army's Territorial Headquarters, Peking, to conduct a Sectional Open-air meeting

enrolment of the cook of the Institution recently. He is a young African who was converted in one of our meetings last December. He is developing into a fine Salvationist and gives a good testimony to the saving and keeping power of God.

Yet another: A man from South Africa was stranded at Antwerp for a long time. He was helped by The Army in various ways, and was visited in hospital. He had not heard from his wife for eight years. She was written to by the Officers in charge and replied expressing willingness to meet her husband on his return. Accordingly, arrangements were made and he returned home, from whence comes news that the couple are now happily re-united.

ACADET from the Gold Coast came to the Training Garrison at Lagos, Nigeria, leaving one of his sisters as the only other member of his family who was a Salvationist. After his arrival at Lagos, where in the Training Garrison "Family Prayers" held each morning is a special feature, he began to pray earnestly for the conversion of the other members of his family, and now two other sisters have got converted and become Salvationists.

The Cadet was also much troubled about one of his uncles who was addicted to strong drink and could never

to the work he had himself formerly undertaken. The Cadet has since received word that his uncle has given up the store and gone back to his work for God.

A woman Cadet met with some opposition from her mother and certain members of her family because she was going to Lagos for Training. A palaver took place, for being heathen they did not understand what it all meant. Recently, however, the Cadet's mother and two sisters have found Salvation, which, with the brother and sister already in The Army, makes them a complete Salvation Army family.

When the Cadets from the Gold Coast were about to sail from Accra, one of them saw his eldest brother who was addicted to juju practices, and dealt with him about his soul. Evidently his words made a deep impression, and supported by prayers on his behalf, he had good results, for his brother is now converted and has separated himself from all juju associations.

Some weeks ago the Cadets were at Lagos Corps. In the Sunday morning meeting a woman knelt at the penitent-form, "Your mother is at the penitent-form, go and speak to her," said the Principal to one of the Cadets. He went and had the joy of leading her to Christ. This was a definite answer to prayer. The mother had been a heathen, but decided to seek Salvation because of the blessing she had seen it bring to her family.

the Commissioner's Motor Campaigns

A New Venture

The Commissioner is again back at Territorial Headquarters, having ended a beneficial furlough. Our leader is already immersed in material Territorial, of which the great Centenary Call Campaign and the coming Congress form no small part. Prominent in his more immediate engagement list are the Motor Campaigns which he is conducting in connection with the Centenary Call Campaign. The first of these will take place in the London Division. These Motor Campaigns are a new feature so far as the Canada East territory is concerned. As a means of reaching the out-of-the-beaten-path places the method has no equal. Number of villages, where as yet the Army has no Corps established, will be visited during the tour. Pray that the outcome of the campaign will be a great harvest of souls.

L.-COMMISSIONER VLAS

olland's New Territorial Commander Promoted

During his thirty-six years' Officership Lt.-Commissioner Bourne, as whose promotion to the rank is in week announced, has served in any positions, including those connected with The Army's Field Training and Trade operations, and three Territories, namely, Holland, s native land, the Dutch East Indies, and the British Territory. After considerable service in Holland, the Commissioner, with the rank of Brigadier, was appointed Chancellor to the Manchester Division. Then followed service as the training Garrison Principal, and as his Head Secretary for the Dutch East Indies. Nearly three years were spent in the East, at the conclusion of which term the Commissioner came to International Headquarters as Assistant International Secretary. He vacates the responsible post of International Secretary for Europe to take up the position of Territorial Commander for Holland.

The Commissioner's career has been full of change, and Mrs. Vlas, whom, as Lieutenant van Open, he was married in 1898—has accompanied him hither and thither, quite sure of Salvation alacrity, quickly adapting herself to each new environment and using all opportunities for service that have come her way.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS

Lt.-Commissioner Unsworth (D.V.) is leaving London, where he will visit the 4th for India, which he will enter through the Dependency and Ceylon, in each Territory conducting important Army business, which will take him to all parts of India, covering a period of some five months.

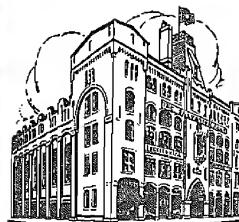
With Mrs. Unsworth, there was a guest at the recent garden party given by His Majesty the King at Buckingham Palace.

Lt.-Commissioner Pihl, who is conducting Congress meetings at the Dutch East Indies, is expected to sail for England on the 1st of this month.

Lt.-Commissioner Gundersen, the newly-appointed Territorial Commander for Finland, has been in England for some days, combining business affairs with a short vacation. The Commissioner has now left for Scandinavia.

Commissioner Simpson, of International Headquarters, was scheduled to leave England on August 22nd, for the purpose of conducting an inspection of Army work in Holland.

Lt.-Commissioner Friedrich, the Territorial Commander for Czechoslovakia, is busy preparing to visit Slovakia, is busy in Prague to meet the Men's Social Shultz of his old school, and will be the first institution of his old school to receive the bounds of the city, which The Army has other schools in neighboring districts.



TERRITORIAL PARS

The Army will again be represented in the Warriors' Day Parade held in connection with the International National Festival. The Earscourt Band, which led the procession last year, has again been invited to participate.

Ensign and Mrs. Eacott, Canadian Guardsman, now on furlough from China, were billed to conduct meetings at the three Hamilton Corps during the week-end August 25th to

CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

FOUNDERS' DAY, 1928,

to

FOUNDERS' DAY, 1929

25th. We hope to publish an interview with our comrades at an early date.

Captain and Mrs. Stanley Williams (See Captain Bantock, Staff Officer) of Simla, India, welcomed to their quarters on July 12th, a son. Our comrades, it will be remembered, were members of the General's Birthday Missionary Party.

The last British "War Cry" to hand reports the promotion to Glory from a London Hospital of Adjutant McArthur, formerly Surgeon of the Wiltshire Regiment, Hene, Bombay. The Adjutant was a brother of Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Coul of Oshawa, and uncle to Mrs. Edith Wood, of Toronto, to whom sincere sympathy is tendered in their case.

Ensign Lily Moore has returned to England following a period of convalescence in the United States for the sake of her health, and has been appointed to the British Hospital, London; Captain Smeathen has been appointed to Sydney Hospital, and Captain Robbins to the "Catherine Heath" Home, Toronto.

Prayer is requested for Ensign Cross, of Hamilton Hospital, who has undergone an operation; and for Ensign Schmidt of Grace Hospital, Windsor, who is now recovering from a severe illness.

Lt.-Colonel Tuggey was granted a lengthy interview with Lt.-Col. Lowe, Chairman of the Overseas Settlement Board, now visiting the Dominion on migration matters.

The Trade Department has received a number of Soldiers' bonnets from London, England, size X-O and O, with lined fronts. Price \$1.00.

Captain Linus Mortensen has been transferred to the Scandinavian Work in Chicago.

Adjutant "Joe" Heard, a former Band Sergeant of Dovercourt P.A., was a welcome "special" at Dovercourt Corps on Sunday, August 19th. The Adjutant comes here with his daughter, and his wife, who are Officers, and by his son, who is a Candidate.

Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy, of Montreal, has written a special article, published in a newspaper of that city, entitled "The War on Hunger Strike," which deals in a comprehensive manner with The Army's Migration Work.

Treasurer Mrs. Tucker, of Danforth, mother of Ensign Tucker, of Nanapeo, has suffered a severe blow, being struck by an automobile and in a manner a serious condition. Pray for our comrade.

Passing down one of the corridors at T. H. Q. the other day we heard Commandant Coy. Coltrane, in his birthday, giving his up-to-the-minute testimony: "Hallelujah! Jesus saves me."

FOUNDERS' CENTENARY CAMPAIGN

SEPTEMBER: A Call To Holy Living

My dear Comrades:—

This is the third month of the Centenary Call Campaign, which you know, opened on July 5th of this year, and will continue till July 5th, 1929.

We now enter the phase of the Campaign which is set apart especially to press the claims of Holy Living.

The importance of keeping the doctrine of Holiness to the forefront in The Army cannot be over-estimated. In fact, we may say with certainty that the Organization is built upon that grand doctrine. Our straight-out teaching regarding it has attracted multitudes of people to our ranks; and it has contributed more than any other factor to our internal strength.

One of the promises to the Founder made by our General was that he would see to it that The Army was true to the teaching of the Word of God in respect to the doctrine of Sanctification.

The Founder and The Army Mother ceased not with pen and voice to press the claims of Holy Living upon all whom they could influence.

Our present General is one of the foremost advocates of Holiness and the importance he attaches to the subject is well shown by the following extract from his writings: "In no department of its teaching has The Salvation Army suffered more reproach than in this of Holiness unto the Lord. Indeed, its teaching, as distinct from its methods, has, apart from this, been largely welcomed by every section of the professing Church. It is one of the strange contradictions of modern Christianity, that every church seems to hold so lightly the importance of its own creed, that it extends the right hand of benediction to every other; and thus there is a tacit understanding nowadays, that it does not much matter what you believe, so long as you profess to believe something. Thank God! we have been in a great measure preserved from this false charity and from chaotic indefiniteness and confusion, which inevitably flow from it; and our witness to Entire Sanctification has done much to preserve us, for it has aroused opposition, not merely from the intellectual apologists for existing systems, but from the thousands whose half-hearted service and unwilling consecration it has condemned."

"Because the Holiness that we contend for is a fighting Holiness, a suffering Holiness, a soul-saving Holiness, in short, Jesus Christ's Holiness, any mere enjoyment of religion, or waiting on God, or fullness of blessing, which has not immediately and indissolubly joined with it, in every expression of it, the most unselfish and aggressive passion for the instant rescue of sinners from their sins, is, in our judgment a mere caricature of the Higher Life of complete union with Christ, which the Word of God declares to be the highest life of all."

Such stirring words from our General must surely inspire every Salvationist with a renewed desire to live the life he describes and to proclaim it to others as a sure cure for spiritual inertia, lukewarmness and an unsatisfactory religious experience.

Let there be, during this month, a special effort put forth to make more widely known the glorious doctrine of Sanctification.

What we mean in The Army when we speak of Holiness, or Sanctification, or Full Salvation, or a Clean Heart, is as follows:

1. A heart delivered from the presence of inbred sin.
2. The will submitted to the known will of God.
3. A cheerful obedience to God's commands, as they are revealed by His Spirit.

This does not mean that we will be free from temptation, or that we will never make mistakes, but it does mean that we will be able to do God's will up to the knowledge we have of what is right, and therefore we will enjoy perfect peace. It means as "The War Cry" frontispiece illustrates, that the evil things which hinder our growth in grace and our service for God will be driven out and that the heart will be filled with the Fruit of the Spirit.

In every meeting, during the month of September, special prominence should be given to the preaching of these glorious truths, and witnessing to the possession of the experience of Sanctification. Thus the whole Spiritual tone of The Army throughout the Territory will be raised and the way prepared for a great ingathering of souls during the Siege of Canada East, which will take place during the first three months of 1929.

God bless you all!

Your affectionate Leader,

William Maxwell

LIFE-SAVING GUARDS OF THE LONDON DIVISION

Spend Happy and Beneficial Time in Camp at Port Franks

"The Life-Saving Guards of the London Division had a really splendid time in camp at Port Franks," writes Staff-Captain Wright, the Divisional Young People's Secretary. "The weather was lovely throughout, and I think the general consensus of opinion is that the Camp was the best yet. We had an attendance of sixty or more guards, with representation from London I, II and IV, and St. Thomas, with their respective Guard-Leaders and Assistants, who gave splendid service.

"Guard-Leader Flowers, of London I, was Senior Guard-Leader, and in her duties connected with Camp was ably assisted by Guard-Leaders Lizmore, of No. II, and Parsons, of St. Thomas.

"Mrs. Staff-Captain Wright supervised the provision for the needs of the girls, and in this connection Mrs. Wilson, of London I, rendered splendid service also, and largely as a result of their good management we were able to report a clean bill of health.

"A program of work was planned for each day along Guard lines which was both instructive and recreational, and which cannot fail to develop in our young people a still keener interest in the Life-Saving Guards, as well as develop the true spirit of the Guard Movement which will be seen in service to others.

"A welcome visitor to the Camp was Lt.-Commissioner Hoe, who came to conduct the services on the last

SEPTEMBER—

SPECIAL HOLINESS CRUSADE

A great effort for the deepening of the Spiritual Life of God's People.

Sunday. The Commissioner's talks were very helpful indeed and were greatly enjoyed by the young people.

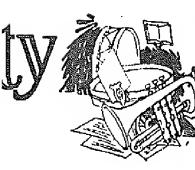
"What with boating, bathing, hiking, camp-fires, and as already intimated, instruction in Guard work, the time went all too rapidly, and many were the expressions of desire for a longer stay when we broke up Camp; one Guard, who shall be nameless, even reading by flash light after she got home, trying to imagine she was still in Camp."

THE WINNING HORSE

The height of incongruity was reached, in the eyes of some Salvationists, in the announcement that one of the most famous French horse-race in the world, "Criterium de Guerre"—in English, "The War Cry"—while others maintained that with such an animal as the War Cry, how did the speedy animal get its name? The Editors of the "Criterium de Guerre," in Belgium and Switzerland should feel very curious.

YOUR CORPS, THE CAMPAIGN, AND THE CAMERA

Pictures of original tactics adopted in the Centenary Call Campaign for reproduction in "The War Cry" will be welcomed by the Editor.


COMPANION TUNE INDEX

Index to the Second and First Line of Songs of The Army Song Book, Tune, or tunes, in Number of Their Composition, in the New Band Tune Book.

Fresh settings and new tunes marked thus (*).

Tune Book

Call to Holiness

one, let us join

51 99

in our singing

272 283 297 303

ov in song

21 30 31

h, what shall I do

329 349

in the power

105 115 55

ov with

116 118 120 122 125

"by are you

413

es, there flows a

256

you won't pardon

218

here is a dwelling

247 249

Soldier of Jesus

348 349

and you know

271 279

and you're

43

here flows a

180

you

279

Bacon

glorious hope of

247 250 251

ed of all power

214 30 31

ord, I come to

264

Lord

237 250

when

277 287 303

come, thy

217

ever

401

bring my

210 211

to my

213 214

sons, thy

213 216 218

come, then

282 312

h, now

21 100

bring my

206 207

bring my

107

bring

128 129 131

when

163 168 174

when

406

when

214 230

when

247

when

201 206

when

213

when

211

when

210

when

213

when

210

A SURVEY OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND EVENTS

TEACH THEM TO SWIM

CONTINUALLY we read in our daily papers of drowning fatalities. And in many cases the plight of the drowning is seen helplessly by men and women unable to swim a yard.

Yet swimming is quite easy to learn and only facilities and instruction are required. We people of Canada love the lakes, rivers and sea, and we should be a swimming nation.

The educational authorities in many lands are alive to the need of teaching swimming; nearly 40,000 boys and girls are taught to swim in London, England, alone. But this total is insignificant compared with the number of children receiving other lessons. Instruction in swimming should be compulsory; school children should be taught to swim as a matter of course, just as they are taught to read and write.

The facilities, of course, need extension.

Some of the unemployed might set to do useful work excavating open-air swimming baths. These are cheap to construct, cost little in upkeep, and wherever they have been built have proved an enormous success.

Lastly, no one ever caught a cold from bathing. That superstition has gone the way of the fear of open windows. I believe the death rate will drop as the habit of swimming grows.

HEALTHY MINERS

THE influx of some hundreds of miners from Great Britain to assist in harvesting work on the western prairies lessens especial attention on these diggers of "black diamonds." We are constantly hearing it said that the coal miner's work is unhealthy and dangerous.

Dr. Watt, speaking in the House of Commons after a quarter of a century's practise in a Lancashire mining district, recently said that a coal miner's was the healthiest of occupations—far healthier than the cotton trade. The returns of the Registrar-General prove that the collier has a lower mortality than the cabinet-maker, doctor, tobacconist, commercial traveler, printer, chemist and druggist, fishmonger, paperhanger, plasterer, painter, glazier, cotton worker, slater, bat-maker, butcher, hairdresser, brush maker, chimney sweep, muslin, glass maker, hargeman, potter, brewer, publican and his servants, hawker, costermonger, or laborer.

Although the collier works underground, the air in which he works is pure. Unlike the tailor and those who work in close rooms, he pursues his task in a stream of fresh air. Essential air for forced ventilation is to the safety of the mine, it enables the collier to breathe an atmosphere which approximates to that of the open-air worker. The result is seen in his freedom from tubercular consumption, to which he is not half as liable as the rest of the population. The collier's mortality from cancer, influenza, alcoholism, liver disease, Bright's disease of the kidneys, and syphilis is also below the average rate.

He suffers from other diseases of the respiratory organs and is liable to a form of lung disease caused by the inhalation of coal dust—anthracosis.

He is also subject to a curious affection of the eyes, known as stygianus. Continuous staring at the dark face of the coal, accentuated by his cramped position and the dim light, strains the vision and the muscles which fix the eyes. The unduly exercised muscles are thrown into continuous movement which ends in an uncontrollable oscillation of the

eyes in their sockets.

A collier's working hours are shorter than those of most of the workers above ground. Not infrequently he takes a day or two off a week, gets into the fresh air, and returns to work with mind and body refreshed.

Pure air, good food, warmth, regular (but not too long) hours of labor, opportunities for recreation, and, until the industry fell on evil times, an assured income make for health, and explain the collier's comparative immunity from diseases.

More colliers are killed by accidents, such as explosions and falls of

measures must be taken if the wild life of the great Northland is to survive.

VALUE OF THE VACATION

MAN owes it to his work to take a real rest from it once in a while. No matter how much a man may love his work, and whatever his enthusiasm he may put into it from day to day, he will get stale on it if he keeps at it without interruption year in and out. We remember an acquaintance of former

man with an obsession as well.

Yes, we are sure that vacation is quite as much a duty as it is a privilege.

PICKANINNIES' CANDY STORE

OUR little dark-skinned friends pictured on this page certainly appear to be having a good time. A patch of sugar-cane has been well called "The Pickaninnies candy store." As most of these little folk are very poor, this is usually the candy they get, but there is some compensation in the fact that the most pampered epicure gets no better and seldom as good.

The sugar-cane—grown, of course, for the making of sugar—is, in appearance, like tall, rank grass; it grows to a height of ten feet or more, with long, flat leaves and stalks about two inches in diameter. It is this stalk from which the sugar is made, and which also supplies the candy for the little folks.

At regular intervals the stalk is divided into sections by hard ridges or "joints," and the whole wears a shivering armor of hard grey fibre. When you want a treat, the method of procedure is to take a heavy knife, such as the lad in the picture is holding, and chop off a section of stalk between the "joints"; next strip off the outer covering and you have left a piece of the fine candy you ever tasted, a cylinder of tough, white fibre saturated to the ping-pong with syrup of a golden and richness of flavor not to be equalled anywhere.

FOG MUSIC

T

HE other day a vessel ran aground in the St. Lawrence during a fog. This is by no means an uncommon occurrence, and reminds us that the Board of Trade have decreed that in fog, mist, falling snow, or heavy rain storms, every vessel at sea shall make as much noise as possible, and so we find that immediately fog clouds the houses the bridge officer, hearing a ship heavy enough to close a church door loose upon the world a shrill note of fearful agony.

His shipmates in the watch below, tossing about on banks of barrels and oakum, give up all hope of sleep when once they hear that belated alarm, for they know that before a conscientious navigator the man on the bridge will obey that law and fallately jerk the steerin' layard every few minutes, making the night a long drawn out agony of discordant barking and shrieking.

A fog watch must be experienced to be believed. It is a terrible four hours, punctuated one hundred and twenty times by a long blast on a steam whistle.

Away on the port quarter comes the deep-toned growl of a boulder heralding her approach to the air somewhere ahead is responded to by a tramp steamer's wail in return for a tramp steamer's wail in return.

Mixed up with these is the indistinct snorting of a soul-bounding caper boat, the musical double note of a four-poster, the asthmatic wheeze from a couple of tugboats, and the fishing fleet's piping treble.

To these the bridge officer adds butes his quota, and alleges it sounds to him as if he is lost and alone, with no hope of rescue in sight. Every type of ship on the ocean surrounded by every sort of steam whistle known to man, yet helpless to do anything but listen and look—at fog.



Pickaninnies' Candy Store—St. Kitts, West Indies. "Eatin' way on de sugar cane."

roof, than die from disease. Yet, in spite of accidents, the mortality of colliers is below the general average.

ANTI-WOLF CAMPAIGN

AS POINTED out by the Toronto "Globe," one of the "premier problems" of Northern Canada is the rapid disappearance of wild life, upon which the Indians and Eskimos depend for their food and clothing."

Men that hunt "not wisely, but too well," are principally responsible for this condition of affairs, but of late years it has been reported that wolves have been taking heavy toll of the animals less strong and courageous than themselves. To lesson the wolf menace the Government have paid out many thousands of dollars to hunters, thirty dollars being paid for each pelt brought in. These pelts are sold at an average price of twenty-four dollars, thus the wolf very largely pays for his own destruction.

The number of wolves destroyed in this way is steadily increasing. In the year 1924-25 637 paid the price of their crimes, and by 1927-28 the number had risen to 1,292; but there are many people, in a position to know, who feel that even more strenuous

years who was boasting continually that he never took a holiday.

And everyone who was in close touch with the work he did here witness that that work showed every evidence of it. Instead of being specially faithful to his work by staying at it in that uninterrupted way, it was that very work that he was specially unfaithful to. He had fallen into such a rut, and did his work with such little vision and imagination and enthusiasm that he did not more than half do it. For his work's sake he made a very great mistake.

And for his friends' sake he made a great mistake, too. How tiresome it used to get, listening to his enigma of himself and his very pointed reflections upon others who did not do as he did! How wearying were his remarks about the modern craze for holiday-making and his insistence that none nowadays took work as a sacred obligation as they did in the good old times!

It was ridiculous, but it was rather worrying as well, and those who knew him best carefully avoided saying anything that might lead on to the subject of vacations.

And, of course, it was a great mistake from his own point of view. He not only became a man in a rut, a man grown stale on his work, but a

"There are no Sunday newspapers in Melbourne, they are prohibited by law. The papers close at six o'clock every night. Soon there will be no Sunday papers. The trams do not run on Sunday mornings during church hours."—*Cities of Australia*, by E. U. Smith.

At Seaside Park

SAIN JOHN IV (Captain Beech, Lieutenant Hartle)—We had with us on August 12th Lieutenant Ellis who assisted with the meetings. Sunday afternoon, the 13th, we six comrades of the 11 Corps, we went to Seaside Park, where we had a real good Open-air. On Sunday night, God's Spirit manifested in a wonderful way, and the workers knelt at the Cross and begged forgiveness from their sins. We finished with a Hallelujah wind-up. —E.H.

Backsliders Come Home

HAMILTON II (Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)—The Spirit of God was felt in our meetings on Sunday last. The weekend started with two rousing Open-air meetings on Saturday night. Both were well attended in spite of the holiday season. Captain and Mrs. Ashby took charge of the meetings. The 11 Corps and the REBEE backsliders were re-united. —C.

Locals Carry On

NORTH SYDNEY (Captain and Mrs. Everett)—During the absence of our officers on the tour, we were assisted by Ensign Way, Corporal Sergeant-Major McLean, and Binister Everett, from Sydney, and Young People's Sergeant-Major Brailey, respectively. The 11 Corps took over the meetings, and the REBEE backsliders were assisted by the Young People's Workers and Sates of the Corps.

A Veteran Leads

WOODBINE (Captain Wade, Lieutenant King)—We were joined by Captain and Brother McQueen in our meeting Sunday night. The Field-Major is a retired officer but did not appear to be thirded. The help of a friend took hold of the meeting which was enjoyed by all present.—L. Crusader.

Three at the Cross.

HAMILTON IV (Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)—Sunday we had two meetings. The Field-Major and Captain and Mrs. Kendall with us; both of them specially beloved by our God. We listened with great profit in the Hollies to the message of the message by the Major on character building; and in the evening Mrs. Keen gave us a soul-stirring Salvation message. Our harvest for the Master was FIVE souls, so we praise God. Sergeant Jay Bee.

A Harvest of Five

SAIN JOHN (Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)—We were specially blessed on Sunday, August 12th, by Captain and Mrs. Kendall with us; both of them specially beloved by our God. We listened with great profit in the Hollies to the message of the message by the Major on character building; and in the evening Mrs. Keen gave us a soul-stirring Salvation message. Our harvest for the Master was FIVE souls, so we praise God. Sergeant Jay Bee.

A Double Wedding

COBOURG (Adjutant and Mrs. Pollock)—A very pretty double wedding took place on Saturday evening, August 10th, at Cobourg, where Sister Mary, Assistant Guard-Leader, and Recruit-Sergeant, was united in marriage to Eddie Chappell and Sister Eddie Covin. Captain and Mrs. Pollock, George Clarke, Adjutant Pollock conducted the ceremony. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, relatives and comrades being present. —Mrs. C. Wong.

Making Progress

PEVERSHAM (Lieutenant Simpson)—We have welcomed our new Officer, Captain Simpson. On a recent Sunday we had with us Commandant and Mrs. Poole and Lieutenants Hartle and Pollock. The night meeting and were greeted by a large crowd. The Field-Major and Mrs. Poole led the meeting. The Young People's Workers is making good progress under the direction of Ensign Pollock and Sister Sheers.—Corps Cadet Wing.

Back in the Fold

PICTON (Captain Peacock, Lieutenant Goward)—At a recent United meeting we had with us Commandant and Mrs. Poole and Lieutenants Hartle and Pollock. The Field-Major and Mrs. Poole led the meeting. The Young People's Workers is making good progress under the direction of Ensign Pollock and Sister Sheers.—Corps Cadet Wing.

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL ADY: Riverdale, Sept. 2; Stratford, Sept. 6; Hamilton, Sept. 16; Toronto Temple, Sept. 16, 1928.

BRAIDIERS MACDONALD: Montreal, Sept. 1, Aug. 25; Verdun, Thruh., Sept. 1, Aug. 25-31.

MAJOR TILLEY: Trenton, Wed., Aug. 29; Truro, Thurs., Aug. 30.

September 1, 1928

September 1, 1928

IT WAS away back in 1846 that the village of Coldwater received an addition to its population in the person of a lusty infant who was to become known in many parts of Ontario as Thomas Dunlop. He is now nearing the sunset of a long and useful life, his eyes can distinguish but little of earthly things, but they still bring with tears as he tells of the goodness of God which has been vouchsafed to him since that long-gone day when he was welcomed to Coldwater.

His parents moved to Orillia only two years after his birth, and his first memory of that town recalls Indians everywhere, quite different red men from their descendants who now live at the nearby Rama Reserve. Here Thomas grew to young manhood in the atmosphere of a store and hotel kept by his father. In his teens he wanted to try his wings so he lived at different times in Toronto (where he learned his trade as a baker), Holland Landing, St. Mary's and Seaford, but always gravitating back to Orillia and home.

By the time he reached his majority he had been through the brief but stirring campaign of the Fenian Raid, his troop was disbanded, he was back in Orillia, had married and had a modest bakery business of his own, and he has been in business of some sort in Orillia ever since.

All this he regards as by the way; what he loves best to talk about is the history of his spiritual life. He was brought up a Presbyterian and outwardly never went very far from the strict rectitude of his father's church, but his stern conscience could give no sanction to some of his careless ways. He married the daughter of a church elder, and for a time was most exemplary in his attendance at church and the discharge of religious duties. But he did not have God in his heart and his zeal soon cooled.

One day he was rebuked by two

"I Could Fill a War Cry," says THE "GRAND OLD MAN OF ORILLIA," "Telling of the Goodness of God"

young men for some sinful thing and conviction seized him, and he was never to know rest again until he was right with God. He tried to throw it off but his misery only increased, he tried to drink and went to hotel after hotel but could not



Hon. Treasurer Thomas Dunlop,
Orillia

raise a glass to his lips.

He saw The Army Open-air with comrades kneeling on the street and had a vision of the Lord Jesus saying to him, "This is the way, walk ye in it." There were many hindrances; he had matters to straighten up in connection with his business, then The Army was not popular and often things were far from bright with the little Corps.

The Devil made good use of every objection, but at last the battle was won. There came an evening when he felt his last chance had come;

leaving his shop he made his way to The Army Hall on the run and never stopped until he was at the mercy-seat, where his fetters were broken and an undreamed of peace filled his soul.

Gripping "The War Cry" man's hand hard his voice broke with tears as he said, "Oh! bless God, I have that same peace to-day, forty years of conflict have only enriched and deepened it; I could fill a 'War Cry' telling of the goodness of God."

He became a Soldier at once and has been a faithful warrior ever since.

His wife was never a Salvationist, and shortly after his conversion he thought it might be better for him to go to church for the sake of family unity; so he and his wife started together for the church where she attended. Somehow he wasn't quite comfortable about it, and after a struggle he said to his partner, "It's no use, I can't do it." So they separated on the street; she went to church and he to The Army. And so they continued until death separated them, both worshipping the same God, but in different buildings; both fighting soldiers, but belonging to different regiments, and both happy to have it so.

Orillia Corps has seen many battles during the years since it launched its attack on the forces of evil in the town, and Brother Dunlop has shared in every one. He was the Corps Treasurer until failing sight and increasing feebleness made it impossible for him to fill the position any longer. He is now known as the Honorary Treasurer.

Perhaps he has rendered no greater service to the Corps than as a sort of unofficial peacemaker; a hasty word or a misunderstanding which might lead to endless bickering has again and again been put right by the quiet voice and kindly smile of the Treasurer, and only the love of the Great White Throne will reveal all that has been accomplished for the Kingdom in this way.

So, respected by his fellow townsmen and loved by his courage, the Grand Old Man of Orillia is waiting patiently for his Master's Call to a continuance in a larger sphere of the service he has so faithfully rendered here.

"THE INTERNATIONAL DEMONSTRATOR"

The ninth number of "The International Demonstrator" (price 9 cents post paid), obtainable from the Corps Officer or from the Trade Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, makes a new departure in the publication of a Demonstration suitable for Senior Songster Brigade or specially organized Corps party. Entitled "The Master," it is a moving study in the way in which the Saviour's influence was spread by the faithful witness of His earliest disciples. The demonstration, which occupies the whole evening, has been very successfully presented at several Corps and is well worth the attention of commanders willing to spend much time and care on preparation.

This number contains many other items, particularly for Life-Saving Scouts and Guards. A few titles indicate the scope of the number: "The Flight of Song," dialogue for local People's Singing Company; "The Great Choice," tableau service for Life-Saving Scouts; "Young People of the Bible," a Sunday afternoon service; "Daisy Making," for Tiny Tot. Three pages of music are included.

Circulation Chair

Halifax Division

HALIFAX 1
(Adjutant and Mrs. Bosher)
Troop (Commandant and Mrs. Hill)
Halifax II (Commandant and Mrs. Hill)
New Glasgow (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)
Yarmouth (Captain and Mrs. Mills)
 Dartmouth (Captain and Mrs. Vokey)

Hamilton Division

HAMILTON IV (Commandant and Mrs. John)
Hamilton I (Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth)
Hamilton III (Field-Major and Mrs. Mercer and Mrs. Mercer)
Brantford (Field-Major and Mrs. Square)
Orillia (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)
Hamilton II (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)
St. Catharines (Field-Major and Mrs. Wiesen)
Galt (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)
Port Colborne (Captain and Mrs. F. Dix)
Kitchener (Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton)
Bridgeburg (Adjutant and Mrs. Smith)
Niagara Falls I (Adjutant and Mrs. Kinnear)
Guelph (Commandant and Mrs. Whittier)

London Division

ST. THOMAS (Adjutant and Mrs. Robins)
Sarnia (Commandant and Mrs. Cave)
London I (Commandant and Mrs. Lauder)
Woodstock (Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)
Stratford (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)
Owen Sound (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)

Montreal Division

MONTREAL I (Commandant and Mrs. Gillies)
Montreal II (Ensign and Mrs. Hart)
Kingston (Commandant and Mrs. Jones)
Montreal IV (Captain and Mrs. Worthy)
Montreal VI (Verdon)
Belleville (Ensign and Mrs. Laramée)
Cornwall (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)

North Bay Division

TIMMINS (Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieutenant Semple)
North Bay (Captain and Mrs. Jolly)
 Sudbury (Captain and Mrs. Hannan, Lieutenant Dowds)
Sault Ste. Marie I (Ensign and Mrs. Waterhouse)
Sault Ste. Marie II (Adjutant and Mrs. Lusk)

Ottawa Division

OTTAWA I (Ensign and Mrs. Falter)
Ottawa III (Adjutant and Mrs. Howe)
Ottawa II (Ensign Page, Captain Miller)

Saint John Division

MONCTON I (Commandant and Mrs. Speer)
Saint John I (Commandant and Mrs. Hart)
Fredericton (Commandant and Mrs. Poole)
St. Stephen (Commandant and Mrs. Cumming)
Charlotteown (Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)
Saint John II (Ensign Danby, Lieutenant Campbell)
Campbellton (Captain and Mrs. Payton)
Woodstock, N.B. (Ensign Clague, Captain P. R. Miller)
Saint John III (Commandant and Mrs. Wood)

Sydney Division

SYDNEY (Ensign Hiscock, Captain Adams)
(Continued at top of column)

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

*The following further shipments
have arrived:*



HELPS TO DIRECTORY—30c plus 3c postage.

LIFE-SAVING SCOUT MANUAL, No. 1. (*Rank Tests and How to Pass Them*). 40c plus 2c postage.

LIFE-SAVING GUARD MANUAL, No. 1. (*Rank Tests and How to Pass Them*). 40c plus 2c postage.

INTERNATIONAL DEMONSTRATOR, Leaflet Nos. 1 to 9 inclusive. *Just the thing to help the V.P.S.M. and others with their Demonstration program.* Price 20c each, post paid.

UNIFORM BONNETS. **WOMEN'S UNIFORM STRAW HATS.**

OFFICERS', BANDSMEN'S AND SOLDIERS' UNIFORM CAPS.

UNIFORMS—Made to Measure, Men's or Women's. *Place your order now and be ready for the fall weather. Samples, Forms and Price List sent on application.*

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS OR INQUIRIES TO:

**THE TRADE SECRETARY
20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO 2, ONT.**

Perhaps he has rendered no greater service to the Corps than as a sort of unofficial peacemaker; a half word or a misunderstanding which might lead to endless trouble has again and again been put right by the quiet voice and kindly spirit of the Treasurer, and only the light of the Great White Throne will reveal all that has been accomplished for the Kingdom in this way.

So, respected by his fellow laymen and loved by his comrade Salvationists, this Grand Old Man of Orrillia is waiting patiently for his Master's Call to a continuance in a larger sphere of the service he has so faithfully rendered here.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEMONSTRATOR

The ninth number of "The International Demonstrator" (price 10 cents post paid), obtainable from the Corps Officer or from the Trade Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, makes a new departure in the publication of a Demonstration suitable for Senior Songster Brigade or specially organized Corps party. Entitled "Master," it is a moving study in the way in which the Saviour's influence was spread by the faithful witness of His earliest disciples. The demonstration, which occupies the whole song, has been very successfully presented at several Corps and is well worth the attention of comrades willing to spend much time and care on preparation.

This number contains many other items, particularly for Life-Saving Scouts and Guards. A few titles indicate the scope of the number: "The Flight of Song, dialogue for Young People's Singing Company, "The Great Choice," tableau service to Life-Saving Scouts; "Young People of the Bible," a Sunday afternoon service; "Daisy Making," for Tiny Tops. Three pages of music are included.

ENT



2m). 40c plus 2c postage.

n). 40c plus 2c postage.

e thing to help the Y.P.S.M. id.

V HATS.

I CAPS.

now and be ready for the fall
tion.

2, ONT.

Circulation Chart

Halifax Division

HALIFAX I	1,100
(Adjutant and Mrs. Borner)	285
Troop (Commandant and Mrs. Miller)	275
HALIFAX II (Commandant Wells)	225
New Glasgow (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	200
Yarmouth (Captain and Mrs. Mills)	180
Dartmouth (Captain and Mrs. Volney)	180

Hamilton Division

HAMILTON IV	675
(Commandant and Mrs. Johnston)	650
HAMILTON I	650
(Commandant and Mrs. Ellsworth)	315
HAMILTON III (Adjutant and Mrs. Mercer, Adjutant Mercer)	260
Brentwood (Field-Major and Mrs. Squirebridge)	260
Orillia (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	250
Hamilton II (Adjutant Bird, Captain Hart)	250
St. Catharines (Adjutant and Mrs. Williamson)	250
Galt (Adjutant and Mrs. Graves)	225
Port Colborne (Adjutant and Mrs. F. Dixon)	225
Kitchener (Adjutant and Mrs. Bexton)	200
Bridgewater (Lieutenant Ford and Smith)	200
Niagara Falls I (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmings)	180
Guelph (Adjutant and Mrs. White)	170
(Commandant and Mrs. White)	170

London Division

ST. THOMAS	325
(Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson)	270
Sarnia (Adjutant and Mrs. Cavender)	250
London I (Commandant and Mrs. Laing)	250
Woodstock, Ont. (Adjutant and Mrs. Kiteon)	210
Stratford (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	200
Owen Sound (Ensign and Mrs. Gage)	180

Montreal Division

MONTREAL I	1,075
(Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	515
Shoreview (Ensign and Mrs. Payton)	515
Montreal II	300
(Brigadier and Mrs. Hart)	280
Kingston (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	280
Montreal IV (Captain and Mrs. Worthyake)	225
Montreal V (Ensign and Mrs. Larman)	200
Belleisle (Ensign and Mrs. Rawlins)	180
Cornwall (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	155

North Bay Division

TIMMINS	400
(Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Lieutenant Sample)	230
North Bay (Captain and Mrs. Jolly)	225
Sudbury (Captain and Mrs. Hepburn, Lieutenant Downs)	225
Sault Ste. Marie I	200
(Ensign Watera, Captain Hallam)	180
Sault Ste. Marie II (Adjutant and Mrs. Linton)	180

Ottawa Division

OTTAWA I	600
(Ensign and Mrs. Falle)	210
Ottawa III (Adjutant and Mrs. Howes)	180
Ottawa II (Ensign Page, Captain Miles)	150

Saint John Division

MONTON I	525
(Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	500
Saint John I (Adjutant and Mrs. Hargrove)	225
Fredericton (Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	225
St. Stephen (Adjutant and Mrs. Cummings)	225
Charlottetown (Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	225
Saint John II	180
(Ensign Danby, Lieutenant Curry)	150
Campbellton (Captain and Mrs. Payton)	150
Woodstock, N.B. (Ensign Clague, Captain P. Ritchie)	150
Saint John III (Commandant and Mrs. Woolcott)	150

Sydney Division

SYDNEY	250
(Ensign Hiscott, Captain Adcock)	250

(Continued at top of column 4)

ABOUT OURSELVES

A Note from a Boomer has a Pointed Lesson

NONE of us would like to admit that we do not value "The War Cry," for has it not from the beginning been a powerful agent for awakening the sinner, strengthening the faith of God's people, and recording mighty soul-saving work.

Of course we all read some parts of our paper, and skim other parts, but it is a pretty safe conjecture that matter written every week in the pages of "The War Cry" would transform the public utterances of many a comrade who is comparatively new at soul-saving work.

A Blank Look

"The other week I took the Corps Cadet Class," says a Sister, "for a comrade on furlough, and having been much impressed myself by an article by a prominent Officer which had appeared in 'The War Cry,' I mentioned it in the course of my address, but noticed by the blank look on their faces that they did not understand what I was talking about.

"I asked for a show of hands, and discovered that not one of the eighteen present had read the article. And yet among these Cadets were some splendid boomers. This incident leads me to urge the necessity of frequently alluding to 'The War Cry,' urging both Soldiers and friends to read it for themselves.

Pass It On

"A paper through whose instrumentality so many souls have become both saved and saviours of others, should certainly not be destroyed, but passed on to do its mission of mercy to other souls outside.

"It has long been my custom to post my 'War Cry' to a friend who lives in a remote district. When read, it is given to a neighbor, who in turn sends it to a friend in another district, so every week I have the joy of knowing that my 'War Cry' is

read in four different homes, and I expect to see at least some fruit here or hereafter from this bit of wayside sowing. Why not?"

Yes, why not? I might suggest that "The War Cry" when finished with by those who travel, should be handed to fellow-passengers or left on the seats of railway carriages or buses. The same applies to "The Young Soldier" and all our other periodicals.

I am convinced that these silent messengers, if so scattered, will,

What extra service can I do in the Centenary Call Campaign?

Why not join the army of heralds who spread the glorious news of the Gospel by selling our white-winged Salvation-preacher?

God's blessing, do a far-reaching and everlasting work, and we as His representatives cannot afford to let such opportunities slip by unused.

I have no startling, nerve-racking, equilibrium-upsetting news to give you this week. Perhaps it's just as well after the excitement of the past few weeks. A week to get ready for the next. A week to sky-rocketting, risqué, Who will it be? I'm mentioning no names but I'm thinking lots.

So watch this page to

C. M. RISING.

HAGEN, Peter I. — The whereabouts of this man is eagerly sought by his brother in Norway. He was born in Oslo, Norway. Age 49 years; blue eyes, fair hair. Last heard of in Montreal, in 1920.

BAXTER, Harry — Age 16 years, missing from his home in Dundas, Ontario, since the second of September, 1927. Supposed to have been hired out to a Farmer. Last heard of in Paris, Ontario, in 1926. Height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair; dark complexion. Native of Scotland. He has a tattoo mark of horse's head on arm. 16969



native of Bonavista, Newfoundland. Has been missing twelve months.

SCOTT, William P. — Father of Mrs. Lucy Glass, last heard of in Wilcoxville, Ohio. Dark complexion; height six feet; round face; bald head. Age unknown, but five years ago carried on a business in Brantford, Ontario. Mrs. Etta Grimstead, nee Etta Wyatt, a cousin of Mrs. Glass, is asked to communicate also.

GILL, John J. — Any information regarding this man, employed 1904 by the Hamilton Powder Co., before the Station explosion, and in 1918 by the Boston Rubber Co. St. Jerome, Quebec, will be gratefully received. His sister, Mrs. A. Grimshaw, enquires.

BISHOP, Gladys — Age 28, height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark hair; blue eyes; dark complexion. Native of Twickenham, England. Last address, South Porcupine, Ontario. Friend enquires.

CHESSON, Lucy (Mrs. J. Adams) — Age 37; height 5 ft. 1 in.; blonde; fair complexion. Mark on forehead. Missing about a year. Last address, 33 Hunter Street, Montreal, Quebec. Sister enquires.

WATSON, Mrs. Evelyn — Age 25; height 5 ft.; blonde hair; blue eyes; dark complexion. Irish. Relative enquires.

BISHOP — Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Mildred Bishop kindly write to the Women's Social Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, 2, Ontario.

CAMPBELL, Teresa — Last heard from in Quebec, summer 1920. Last address, 28th Street, Toronto. Age, about 23. If this meets the eye, kindly write to the Women's Social Department.

STEAD, Mrs. — Age 56. Known as "Old Jenny." Used to live on Eastern Avenue, Toronto. If this should meet the eye, kindly communicate with the Women's Social Department.

Grace (Continued from column 1)

Ensign and Mrs. Howlett	230
New Waterford	155
(Adjutant Mabb, Ensign Evans)	180
Whitby	180
(Captain and Mrs. Williams)	180

Toronto East Division

RIVERDALE	400
(Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	560
Vorville	560
(Commandant and Mrs. Davis, Lieutenant and Ward)	275
Danforth	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	275
Oshawa	260
(Field-Major and Mrs. Osborn, Lieutenant Knapp)	260
Peterboro	260
(Ensign and Mrs. Green)	260
East Toronto	205
(Adjutant and Mrs. Haymer)	205
Parliament Street	170
(Ensign Davies, Captain Piché, Lieutenant Murray)	170
North Toronto	170
(Ensign Clark, Lieutenant Bryant)	170
Bedford Park	150
(Captain Bobbitt, Lieutenant Matthews)	150
Cobourg	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Pollock)	150

Toronto West Division

LIPPINCOTT	300
(Captain and Mrs. Ellis)	280
Dovercourt	280
(Adjutant Jones, Captain Petham, Lieutenant Brookeshire)	280
West Toronto	240
(Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	240
Ligar Street	180
(Ensign Kettle, Lieutenant Barrett, Lieutenant Wilder)	180
Toronto I	170
(Captain and Mrs. Warrander)	170
Brock Avenue	155
Swansea	150
(Captain and Mrs. Green)	150
Swansea	150
(Captain Currie, Lieutenant Besston)	150
Toronto Temple	160
(Adjutant and Mrs. McBain)	160

Windsor Division

WINDSOR I	350
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	350
Windham	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Nesbitt)	275
Windsor III	225
(Flight Lieutenant Hickling and Richardson)	225
Leamington	100
(Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	100
Wallaceburg	150
(Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	150

Newfoundland Sub-District

Sub-T.H.O. and St. John's I (combined)	260
(Commandant and Mrs. Woodland)	260
Grand Falls	150
(Commandant and Mrs. March)	150

Windsor Division

HAGEN, Peter I.	16969
(Brother in Norway)	16969
Windham	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Nesbitt)	275
Windsor III	225
(Flight Lieutenant Hickling and Richardson)	225
Leamington	100
(Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	100
Wallaceburg	150
(Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	150

Windsor Division

WINDSOR I	350
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	350
Windham	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Nesbitt)	275
Windsor III	225
(Flight Lieutenant Hickling and Richardson)	225
Leamington	100
(Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	100
Wallaceburg	150
(Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	150

Windsor Division

HAGEN, Peter I.	16969
(Brother in Norway)	16969
Windham	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Lieutenant Nesbitt)	275
Windsor III	225
(Flight Lieutenant Hickling and Richardson)	225
Leamington	100
(Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	100
Wallaceburg	150
(Ensign Scott, Captain Hunt)	150

Windsor Division

HAGEN, Peter I.	16969
(Brother	

September 1, 1928

**PURITY:
WHAT IT IS**
(See page 3)

The WAR CRY

**A CALL TO
HOLY
LIVING**
(See page 8)

The Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland

No. 2289. Price Five Cents. TORONTO 2, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1928 WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lt.-Commissioner

The Major-General and His Son

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF FLANDERS FIELDS

Told by Major Dalrymple, of International Headquarters

KENNETH AMBERLEY was born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. No money had been spared in the effort to fit him for the task of finally taking over his father's large business undertakings.

The father had great ambitions for his son, and was greatly disappointed when, after leaving the university the young man showed no interest in business matters. He preferred to do "the grand tour" of the Continent, loitering long in the South of France at questionable places in questionable company. Frequent parental remonstrances brought no improvement. Only when his income was almost exhausted and appeals brought no aid did the young man turn his face homewards.

Thinking possibly that other business interests might stimulate his industry, the disturbed father secured a place for his son with a relative, but here again Kenneth failed to "settle down to life."

Frequent interviews did not bring Kenneth to a better understanding of his responsibilities. Provoked beyond measure, the father at last expelled him from home again. This, following the own way in life, only to discover that the young man's mother had allowed him entrance to the home again. This, following the father's extreme exasperation, almost estranged father and mother.

Matters came to a crisis when one day the father gave Kenneth twenty-four hours' notice to leave the house saying that he would receive no further financial assistance nor would the father take any further interest in him or recognize him as his son.

Heavy of heart the father one day met his brother, who had commercial interests in the city. He told him of his great sorrow and his final decision to turn his son adrift. The brother bethought himself of The Salvation Army, and wondered if anything could be done in the matter.

Prior to the war The Army was able to secure situations for any



Working out his salvation on a Canadian farm, the erring son found forgiveness on the battlefield

man in certain countries overseas, so The Army Officer whose advice was sought suggested that the only thing to help Kenneth was for him to go to a new land and work hard to gain his own living.

Kenneth accepted in a good spirit the interest shown and went out to the situation provided for him. Among the last words his father said were:

"If you stay twelve months in the situation The Salvation Army has got for you, and give evidence that you desire to do better, then I will think over the decision I have made and consider the possibility of receiving you back as my son again."

Kenneth found it was no easy task to leave behind him the life of a leisured gentleman and take on the work of a laborer on a Canadian farm, but the effort called for proved to be his salvation. The hard work strengthened his moral fibre and helped him to view life more seriously.

Kenneth was completing his twelve months "probation" when the war broke out. He joined up with a Canadian Regiment, which after a brief period of training was drafted over to Flanders.

Meanwhile his father, who had held a military commission, responded to the call, and was soon serving in France with an artillery regiment. Promotion came his way, with the result that one day a romantic interview took place upon the fields

of Flanders between a Major-General and his son, a private in a Canadian Regiment. The father kept his promise to reconsider the relationships between them, and on the field of battle forgave Kenneth for his past careless life.

There was considerable comment among the General's subordinates when, after the interview, they found their chief overcome with emotion, but they had little idea of the great tragedy which had that day been ended.

Father and son were spared, and to-day Kenneth fills an honored and responsible position in his father's business.

Nineteen at the Cross

SAINT JOHN'S 1 (Commandant and Mrs. Woodland, Lieutenant Wheeler)—"Surely can we say 'There's a sound of abundance of rain.' Our Sunday night is the Spirit of God was felt in a wonderful way. The service was most heartily entered into, and in the testimony meeting one could see conviction written across the faces of the unconverted. Some God's Spirit. Mrs. Commandant Woodland, in the course of her remarks, brought the people face to face with the importance of grasping the opportunity of salvation while there is time. When the invitation was given the first to come was a backslider, who was followed by eighteen seekers, who sought and claimed salvation. On Tues-

day an Enrolment service was held, when two promising young women was enrolled under the Colors.

Three Seek Holiness

ST. MARY'S (Ensign Baker, Lieutenant Bateman)—On August 11th and 12th our corps (though we enjoyed a week-end with Brigadier and Mrs. Burton) conducted the meetings. Saturday evening's Open-air on Main St. gained the interest of the people around until a large audience gathered and listened attentively. Sunday morning Holiness meeting was made very impressive by both Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, who had a word of exhortation for young people volunteered for Holiness. We concluded the day with a late Open-air. The week-end was a very profitable one in every sense.

"Straight from the Shoulder"

PRESCOTT (Captain Hollingworth, Lieutenant Carr)—On August 20th we were privileged by a visit from General McDonald and Adjutant Crowder. In the Open-air the Brigadier caught the attention of a number of men with a "straight from the shoulder" Salvation talk. The speaker was a man of a specially bright and interesting character, and all present enjoyed it and profited by it. This was the Adjutant's first visit to Prescott, and he delivered a very forceful address.

Prescott is all out to make the Centenary Call Campaign a mighty success.

Prodigals Come Home

ESSEX (Captain Kennedy, Lieutenant Marskeil)—We had splendid meetings on Sunday last. In the holiness after their brother's going to hell. On Sunday night his attention was drawn to the Open-air, and men and women was not. Father, who was a Salvationist, was not. Father, who was a singer, but loved to sing. The Band was playing, and the Band was playing. Father used often to say, "It was God's means of bringing him back to God." Father's sister also, who had "given out," was condemned to hell. "Back to my friends and home" of "Back to my friends and home" and knelt at the mercy-seat and found forgiveness and renewed peace. —C. Burton.

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUND

W

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON, E.C.

No. 2290. Price Five Cents.



Salvationist to Anxious
a full surrender to